

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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PREPARING A CHRISTMAS DINNER.  
"Cast thy bread upon the waters—" etc.  
(DRAWN BY C. D. GRAVES.)

# Collier's Weekly

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CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE EDITOR, "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," New York City.

ROBERT J. COLLIER, . . . . . EDITOR.

New York, Thursday, December 9, 1897.

## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

### IS THE HAWAIIAN TREATY UNCONSTITUTIONAL?

WE observe that the Hon. Daniel Agnew, who is now eighty-eight years old, and who, many years ago, was Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has renewed, in the December number of the *Forum*, the attempt to embarrass the President and defeat the Hawaiian Treaty, which he made some years ago when the former treaty dealing with the subject was submitted to the Senate by General Harrison. The arguments set forth to prove the annexation of Hawaii to be unconstitutional are substantially the same as those which were adduced on the previous occasion, and they may all be dismissed upon the ground that the power of the United States to acquire territory by treaty or by joint resolution of Congress is *res adjudicata*.

It is true, as Judge Agnew says, that the power to purchase or annex foreign territory is not granted by the Constitution to the Federal government. It is also well known to every one acquainted with American history that President Jefferson, who had always been a strict constructionist of the Federal organic law, had grave doubt regarding the constitutionality of his purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France. Nevertheless, he made the purchase, in avowed obedience to the familiar maxim of the Roman law, "*Salus rei publicæ suprema lex*." The purchase once made, however, and ratified by Congress, the right to acquire foreign territory has never since been disputed by any judicial tribunal. The Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly affirmed the validity of acts performed by Federal officials in the territory acquired from France, and has thereby acknowledged the constitutionality of the acquisition. So thoroughly had the right to make by treaty additions to the national territory come to be accepted by all departments of the Federal government, and by the people at large, that the subsequent acquisition of Florida by treaty with Spain met with comparatively little opposition. Still later, the Republic of Texas, as we all know, was annexed by a joint resolution of Congress, the objections to which were based mainly, not on an alleged unconstitutionality of the act, for this question was, by that time, considered *res adjudicata*, but on the ground that it involved a wanton aggression upon a feeble neighbor, Mexico, and was planned in the interests of slaveholders. To the acquisition of Alaska, by treaty with Russia, in 1867, scarcely any opposition was made.

The existence of these precedents is, of course, recognized by Judge Agnew, but he contends that each of them was justified by an overruling necessity of assuring the national safety, and that this plea cannot be invoked in the case of Hawaii. Now it is true that the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory was indispensable, since, otherwise, the American citizens dwelling on the left bank of the Mississippi might have been deprived of free access to the sea. It is also true that the acquisition of Florida, occupied as it was at the time by hostile Indians and runaway slaves, and commanding, at its extremity, the principal entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, could fairly be deemed essential to the security of our South Atlantic and Gulf States. The acquisition of Texas, on the other hand, could, in no wise, be described as indispensable to our national safety, except upon the theory that Texas, if denied admission to our Union, would have become a colony of Great Britain's. There was no real foundation for such an apprehension,

because the Texans desired to retain their slaves, and this they could not have done had they become British subjects. In any event, there would have been time enough for us to interpose after any overt step toward the annexation of Texas had been taken by Great Britain. We took Texas simply because the Southern slave owners wanted it, and because they happened, at the moment, to control both Houses of Congress as well as the Executive. The Texas precedent, in a word, would justify us in acquiring, by successive treaties, the whole of Central and South America. The subsequent acquisition of California and New Mexico was made by treaty and in consideration of a large sum of money; but Judge Agnew would, doubtless, say that it was really the outcome of conquest, not of peaceful negotiation. As an outcome of conquest, Judge Agnew might maintain that a justification could be found for it in the exercise of the war power. This he could not say of the subsequent Gadsden purchase, which was made simply to round out the territory previously gained. As regards Alaska, no one has ever before pretended that the purchase of it was only justified by an overruling necessity of safeguarding national interests. Judge Agnew calls it a "barrier to the constant encroachments of Great Britain." It is in a queer place for a barrier. Up to 1867, British Columbia might be described as a "barrier" between Russian America and the United States, but in no possible sense could the word be applied to Alaska. That territory is entirely valueless to us for purposes of protection; it was worth buying simply on account of its fur seals and of its gold mines. As regards distance from our California coast, upon which Judge Agnew lays so much stress in the case of Hawaii, he is, apparently, unaware that part of the Alaska purchase is much further away.

Judge Agnew entirely overlooks the strategic importance of Hawaii, considered as a station for coaling and repair. As Captain A. T. Mahan has repeatedly pointed out, if we were to occupy and fortify Hawaii, it would be, in these days of steam, practically impossible for any European naval power, except England, to attack San Francisco, simply because there would be no naval station near enough to supply a foreign fleet with coal. Judge Agnew seems to think that he disposes of the matter by saying, "If we fear foreign nations, arm our coasts and defend our ports." One would think that a man of common sense would add, "Do not fail, also, to deprive your enemy of the power to attack you, if you can." We repeat that, if we held Hawaii, no European or Asiatic power, with the exception of England, could venture to assail our Pacific coast.

After we have made no fewer than five acquisitions of foreign territory, it is somewhat late in the day for Judge Agnew to endeavor to thwart President McKinley by denouncing the Hawaiian Treaty as unconstitutional.

### SLEEP.

SOME of the most remarkable of recent scientific publications have dealt with the phenomena of sleep. It would be difficult to suggest a subject which would be more interesting and important to human beings, and we may, accordingly, assume that our readers will be glad to read an account of some of the conclusions reached.

We often hear sleep described as "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," and insomnia complained of as hurtful. Comparatively few people are aware that sleep may weaken rather than invigorate, and that it is quite possible to have too much of it. If a man sleep longer than the repose of consciousness and the repair of the tissues require, there will, in the first place, be an enfeeblement of the consciousness from lack of exercise, and, in the second place, an adaptation of the vessels to an abnormal state of the nutritive circulation to the detriment of the functional circulation; consequently, there will be ground to apprehend trouble in the respiratory exchange and an over-production of carbonic acid, by no means a matter of indifference to the organism which may sooner or later be injured thereby. Too much sleep may cause, even in the young, the development of a serious disease in the kidneys, and may lead in adults and the aged to the development of biliary calculi. It has also been observed that prolonged sleep, by enfeebling the tone of the digestive canal, contributes to develop habitual constipation. To excessive sleep the albuminuria frequently observed in young girls and in young people generally at the period of puberty is attributed by some high authorities. Even infants at the breast need not only time to sleep, but time to be awake, if their intellect is to be awakened. The tendency to

sleep shown by children, and by the uneducated when not occupied, is explicable on the ground that their psychic world is so poor that it is almost impossible for them to take any interest in their own thoughts and ideas. Even during the first four or six weeks of life there ought to be two waking hours during the day, and, as the baby grows, the duration of the wakeful period should gradually increase. All methods of putting children to sleep artificially by means of monotonous sensations ought to be proscribed, including the crooning of lullabies and the rocking of babies in cradles, or simply in the arms. Experiment has shown that swinging, even for only a quarter of an hour, produces in healthy adults a lowering of temperature to the extent of 0.5° C. and more or less pronounced phenomena of brain anemia and pain at the heart. The decrease of temperature may be as much as 1.05° C., and Alexandre, in the beginning of the century, even proposed to swing patients in fever to reduce the temperature. Rocking the child in the arms or the cradle produces sleep artificially, partly because consciousness is fatigued by a series of monotonous sensations, and partly because at the same time artificial anemia of the brain is provoked. Those authors, therefore, who assert that the cradle is a fruitful source of human stupidity, and even of idiocy, have not been altogether in the wrong. In Germany there is a proverbial saying, "He has been rocked into stupidity," which seems to indicate that the harmful effect of the cradle on infants has been popularly recognized.

We have seen that even during the first weeks of life an infant should not be permitted to sleep more than twenty-two hours in all. Between the ages of one and two years there should be from 6 to 8 waking hours; between two and three years from 7 to 9; between three and four years from 8 to 10; between four and six years from 9 to 11; between six and nine years from 12 to 14; between nine and thirteen there should be from 14 to 16 waking hours. At the critical age of puberty, during the transition from childhood to adolescence, the duration of sleep should be somewhat augmented; at the end of this period it may be reduced to from 7 to 9 hours; after the completion of growth, at the age of eighteen or twenty, it can be safely brought as low as from 6 to 8 hours a day. Those who have reached middle age, the period at which consciousness and the other psychic faculties have attained the zenith of their development, may content themselves with even less, provided they are in perfect health. It is worth recalling that Jeremy Taylor allowed but three hours out of the twenty-four for sleep; Baxter, four; Wesley, six; Lord Coke and Sir William Jones, seven. It is said that Bismarck and Gladstone, now that they have reached an advanced age, both sleep eight hours; Zola sleeps only seven hours. Many great men, such as Goethe, Mirabeau, Napoleon, and Humboldt have given even less time to sleep. Kant, who only slept seven hours during the greater part of his life, but in old age was obliged to increase the amount, regarded the bed as the nest of diseases, thus anticipating the discoveries of later physiologists. The truth is that, as regards the aged, the amount of sleep should vary with the state of consciousness and the degree of its enfeeblement. If with old age consciousness grows weaker, together with the intellectual activities generally, the need for sleep will be the same as it is with young children. To the point is the case of the distinguished French mathematician, Moivre, who, during the last years of his life, slept twenty hours a day. In such instances a marked enfeeblement of the memory is observed; of this Linnaeus was an example, who, in old age, having taken down one of his own books, forgot that it was his, and exclaimed with delight as he read it, "How fine this is! What would I not give to have written that!" If, however, the intellectual powers are well preserved in old age, the need for sleep is much less, and one may even remark a tendency to insomnia. This is explained upon the ground that the conditions of life in old age more or less remove the causes of the exhaustion of consciousness. We should bear in mind that in persons advanced in years the passions retire into the background, while the tastes, convictions and character become more fixed. Consequently, we rarely encounter that internal contest of the man with himself, that struggle of noble ideals with selfish tendencies, which consumes so much of the strength and health of youth.

Another fact to which little attention is popularly paid is that the position assumed during sleep is by no means a matter of indifference. On the contrary, to some extent health depends upon it. With the excep-



## A CRITIQUE ON CRITICISM.

"DEAR 'COLLIER'S':

"Tis many a day since I resolved to write  
A screed on Criticism and the plight  
In which La belle dame Belles Lettres stands  
to-day.

Bear with me, if I throw reserve away,  
And speak what I presume to call 'my mind.'  
(I may, because my work will not be signed!\*)

"And first, let me recall a visit paid  
A master-workman, of our scribbling trade.  
Whate'er he touches with his magic art  
Becomes the golden coinage of the heart.

"His study-door to all wide open lay:  
His fellow-craftsmen came and went their way,  
And sapient comments from their counsel flowed,  
Wherein the perspicacious pundit showed.  
Our author's work they viewed in every light:  
His methods most their interest did excite,  
Till of the work itself they quite lost sight!  
(As though some cunning lapidary's tools  
Were paramount—results be left to fools!)

"Much edified was I, with that, and this,  
And other—proved by shrewd Analysis.  
They mostly praised our host—such is the mood  
Of modern Criticism's genial plenitude!  
No 'Blackwood Quarterly' would now kill Keats.  
(Nay, with a surfeit of kindly sweets  
We ply each bantling of Parnassus now,  
While the rathe laurel buds upon his brow!)

"But I delay; my story I'll resume:  
At length, when there did seem to be no room  
For this, or that, or other, to be said,  
On any obscure analytic head,  
My fellow-visitors—their stores unspent—  
Pursued their purpose with a subtler bent,  
And Criticism on Critique arose,  
So heavy was the air, so comatose!  
For, now, the master's methods all were dropped,  
To study how his commentators propped  
Their observations on what constitutes  
Our Author's critics' critics' attributes—  
B's view of A, and C's, again, of B,  
And each of other, to infinity!

"I will not further with my instance go,  
Since sure am I, my meaning well you know:  
To such excesses, nowadays, we run  
In studying how the Matchless Work was done,  
That we forget 'TIS DONE!—the vital fact!  
They relished once the dish, their lips they  
smacked,

When they at good men's feasts themselves did  
seat:  
But with the names of viands we're replete;  
While we sit back, and, with our ears and eyes,  
Not with true robust joy, do gormandize!  
The books on books more pleasure now purvey  
Than do the masters of the elder day:  
We read, with zest, biographies of Scott—  
That Wizard of the North—but read him not!  
We'd rather hear what Saintsbury has to say  
Of Hazlitt (keener critic none!) than pay  
The honor of a reading at first-hand.  
And Bobbie Burns must in the background  
stand,

While Robert Stevenson dissects the bard.  
Our views of Carlyle, Whitman, we discard,  
In place of them adopting those of Burroughs.  
Our brows are corrugated with new furrows  
Not scored by Browning, but the learned Cult  
Who give us processes, but no result!  
Now, Howells guides us—now, we have the  
maggot  
To read our Thackeray by the light of Bagehot!

"Another feature marks our anxious times,  
Whether the Critics deal with prose or rhymes—  
Their unanimity is most amazing!  
They praise (be sure!) the Rose that all are prais-  
ing,

But, by-and-by, if some one snap the stem  
And spurn the Rose—that Rose is not for them!  
We must premise (unless we're very dull)  
The tide will turn, when long it's been at full.  
(I think, indeed, I hear the faint rippling  
Of that which shall, at length, set in 'gainst Kip-  
pling!)

"Is this the *maladie du fin de siècle*—  
(My French beats hers who dotes on bread and  
treacle!)—  
Is this the form decadence takes to-day—  
We haste to gather what the experts say,  
Nor lend our timid impulse of applause  
Till our connoisseurs have laid us down their laws—  
Till other connoisseurs the first confirm,  
And Criticism finds its final term.

"For me, I weary of Analysis;  
Give me some desert in its Oasis—  
Some desert wild, where Fancy may run free,  
Though slipshod at the heel her buskin be!  
Oh, let us think, and feel, and speak, and act!  
But Heaven forbid our human wit be racked  
To think so hard what we do think of thought,  
Whene'er great genius some great work hath  
wrought!  
Beside that well-head let us sit at ease,  
And dip with our own dipper, as we please;  
And when the same, distilled, to us is passed,  
A modest eye upon the ground be cast—  
A hand upon the heart—and murmur low—  
'Thanks, we have drunk; and now refreshed we  
go!'

\*Reconsideration moves me to allow my signature to appear—  
TIMON, OF GOTHAM.

## Throughout the Land.

A WEEKLY NEWS-SUMMARY.

## Political.

EUROPEAN newspapers are making much of the declaration by Austria-Hungary's Minister of Foreign Affairs that Europe must combine to exclude American products and wares from European markets. The German press, particularly that of Berlin, which is largely "inspired" by the government, echo the minister's cry, and the French papers also approve of the proposed combination. With American products excluded, the continental powers could return to their old practice of "dog eat dog," if the people would let them. The people, however, have done much growing and thinking since the good old times. England's press outdoes Austria, Germany and France on the subject of exclusion, for it suggests that all foreign competitors be shut out; fortunately for England's people there are many colonies to which may go every one who is dissatisfied with the new idea.

Still another and more possible cause of war, not formally authorized by Germany, is our State Department's declaration, officially expressed to the German Foreign Office, that the United States will not tolerate any annexation scheme, or excessive demonstration in Haytian waters, as "satisfaction" for alleged injuries to a German subject. Imagine any European sovereign's state of mind on being told that he mustn't do as he likes in a country ruled and inhabited by black people!

The change of Kansas from a Populistic majority a year ago to a larger Republican majority last month has been attributed to dollar wheat and the brain-clearing influence of prosperity. It is now said to have come of a desire, in 1896, to "down" the Republican boss of the State—a desire which caused thousands of Republicans to remain away from the polls or to vote for the Bryan electors. As the obnoxious boss received the most profitable office (in Kansas) in the gift of the President, he is supposed to be shelved.

Undaunted by the defeat of the recent New York attempt to elect a mayor on an independent ticket, Philadelphia's "Citizens' Union" is preparing to make a campaign like that of which Seth Low was the leading figure, and it is reported that the real purpose is to defeat Senator Quay for re-election, and thus greatly reduce Mr. Quay's influence in Pennsylvania and the nation. As Mr. Quay has re-established working relations with the two ablest party managers in the State, the Citizens' Union may be expected to have its hands full, and observers may expect to see the greatest political battle ever fought outside of New York.

The perils of office-seeking at Washington, even by a man with influence, are suggested anew by an Oklahoma man who desired an Indian agency. He is a nephew of Senator Thurston of Nebraska, and a protégé of Senator Quay, yet he is said to have wired home that he is leaving Washington for he knows not where; that he has spent eight thousand dollars in trying to get a place, but has been deceived, and that he cannot face his creditors. As the salary of an Indian agent is not large, thoughtful men will wonder what there can be in the job that will justify a man in spending so much money to obtain it, and how he was to get enough out of it to make good his outlay, support his family, and still do something for his creditors. Perhaps the Indians could tell.

Although Oklahoma contains more people than were in any new Western State at the time of admission to the Union, it is not demanding Statehood. The only explanation is that the inhabitants are too busy, prosperous and contented to go into politics—that is, into office-seeking—and their mining interests are too small to justify any one in trying to join the free-silver club in the Senate.

The Spanish offer of autonomy to Cuba has been formally rejected by the Cuban insurgents for two sufficient reasons, one being that no one believes that any Spanish official knows the meaning of autonomy, and the other is that the Cuban leaders long ago swore to accept nothing short of independence and to kill such members of their own party as might suggest any form of compromise. As the Cuban armed forces are under orders to hang any Spaniard who may bring offers of terms that do not concede independence, communication between Spaniards and Cubans would seem to be difficult.

## Financial.

The first protest against the establishing of the postal savings banks recommended by the Postmaster-general came from Augusta, Me., and the savings banks, trust companies and other financial institutions of the State are said to have united in it. The bank examiner of the State is in sympathy with the protest, but as he expressed the opinion that no private association can compete with the government in any kind of business his wisdom may be open to doubt. General opinion, based on the experience of the postal savings system in European countries, is that the depositors are not of the class that does business with banks and other financial associations, but consists principally of depositors of very small sums and who have no other facilities for depositing.

An odd and unwelcome suggestion regarding this postal savings system comes from Washington; it is to the effect that the average American postmaster would not be competent to keep his own office accounts were the savings system adopted: he is said to have fearful struggles with even the money order system. In other words, our postmasters, any one of whom, if of American birth, is eligible to the Presidency, are less intelligent than the stupid, under-paid servants of foreign postal departments! This inference, if not modified, will drive the American eagle to suicide.

Again President McKinley has pardoned a convicted

tion of those who suffer from an undue flow of blood to the brain, and who consequently should have their heads raised high on the pillow, we should assume a nearly horizontal position, and become accustomed from childhood to sleep by turns on the right and left side, the back and the belly. It is desirable that we should accustom ourselves to changes of position during sleep. Dr. Osborne, who investigated the most favorable positions of sleep at various ages of life, found that children under fourteen sleep equally on the left side, the right side, and the back; but that young girls and youths from fourteen to twenty years of age sleep most often on the right side, then on the back, more rarely on the left side. Similar observations on soldiers have shown that they sleep more often on the right than on the left side. The position maintained in sleep may have pathological consequences. It has been remarked that inflammation of the right lung is more common than is that of the left lung, the predominance of the former being as 2.05 to 1. By many this fact is ascribed to sleeping on the right side, since by the influence of gravity a passive stasis of blood and lymph is thus brought about in the right lung as well as in the liver. In the same way may be attributed to the vertical position, maintained by human beings during the daytime, the greater frequency of inflammation at the base than at the apex of the lung. The vertical position, also, predisposes to other disturbances, such as varicose veins, and certain diseases peculiar to women. In order to avoid such injurious stasis of blood, some authorities recommend that even during the day we should vary the position of the body by reclining, as the Romans did, instead of always sitting or standing. If even during waking life a uniform position of the body is injurious, much more is it so during sleep, when there is already a tendency to stasis and a diminished tone of the tissues. The influence of the position of the body on the vasomotor sphere is shown by the change of the pulse, which may fall from eighty-five degrees F. in the standing posture to seventy-six when seated, and to sixty-eight when lying down. Mosso's balance indicates that during waking life there is a more or less pronounced stasis of blood in the feet and the lower part of the body, and that this phenomenon is the more marked, the more anæmic and exhausted the tissues are. By feeble and anæmic persons whose vessel walls have lost their normal tone, pains are often experienced in the back on waking in the morning. These pains are in many cases due to the habit of sleeping on the back. The same habit may cause nightmare, if supper is eaten before going to bed; for if the stomach, when full of food, rests on the descending aorta, there will be an abnormal flow of blood to the brain from the ascending aorta.

To assure the regular nutrition of all the tissues and organs it is important to change the position of the body as often as possible during the hours given to rest, and to take advantage of each awakening during the night to sleep by turns on the right side, the left side, and the back, while every morning, for at least half an hour before rising, it is beneficial to lie on the stomach. At first, this position may seem uncomfortable, but it is not difficult to become so accustomed to it as even to be able to sleep in this posture. A good deal of evidence has been collected concerning the favorable effects of a change of position in anæmic subjects, who complain of severe pain in the back. This position has also been observed to exercise a salutary influence on angina pectoris. The painful attacks of asthma and of præ-cordial anguish diminish and almost disappear. This beneficial influence is attributable to a more regular distribution of blood and lymph, and consequently a more uniform action of the cardiac muscles, as well as to the dissipation of passive stases in the tissues and organs of the back and sides. In little children there is a marked tendency to sleep flat on the belly, but they are broken of it by their nurses from the mistaken notion that they may acquire a harmful habit. It is, consequently, not surprising that nearly all adults in a civilized country have lost the habit of lying face downward, and that we are obliged to learn it afresh deliberately. Animals are free from the several disorders and diseases to which we have just referred, and one cannot help suspecting that such disturbances of health may be due in no small measure to the proud erect position, which man alone has adopted during his waking hours, and also to the postures in which he habitually sleeps.

THE editor takes pleasure in announcing that a series of articles on "OUR COAST DEFENSES," and kindred subjects connected with our naval and military outlook in case of war, will begin shortly after January 1st.



bank defaulter. Such convicts are generally good fellows, with hosts of influential friends, but why should other men be encouraged to follow their bad example? It is already hard enough to know whom to trust.

Arizona claims the most important gold "find" for the month of November. The discovery was of a thick, well-defined ledge of which the rock assays three hundred dollars in gold to the ton, with one hundred dollars in silver besides.

It seems strange that a progressive people like the Canadians, with more undeveloped resources in proportion to population than any other nation on earth, should talk of putting an export duty on nickel, or, indeed, on any raw material, under which head their nickel "matte" properly belongs. People not numerous and rich enough to manufacture largely have always prospered most by shipping raw material, without restrictions, and as much of it as possible. It was by this course that the United States gained largely in wealth before they began to sell manufactured goods, and raw material is still the cause of the balance of trade being in our favor. Canada would do wisely to take some leaves from our book.

From present appearances no important currency reform will be provided for by the next session of Congress unless the "sound money" Democrats assist the anti-silver Republicans. Party platforms do not always change the characters of the men who stand upon them, so many members of the dominant party in the House of Representatives are free-silver men, as they were before the last Presidential campaign began, and the free-silver programme requires the blocking of any and all financial legislation that will not benefit silver. Besides, the House alone cannot transform a bill into a law, and the Senate is still a bar to any bill that is not in the interest of silver miners.

Apparently the United States may come in competition with Norway and Sweden in supplying wood-pulp for English paper-mills. The forests of the great Scandinavian peninsula have been supposed to be practically inexhaustible, labor in Norway and Sweden is cheap, and transportation from there to England easy, yet English paper manufacturers are inspecting Maine wood-pulp mills with a view to purchase.

### Industrial.

Mr. Hicks, the new General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, seems to be just the man whom the workmen as well as the people have needed in his office. He has said to an interviewer that there shall be more home rule and fewer strikes; in other words, a trade shall look to its own interests and settle its difficulties with employers, instead of having as representative a member of another trade, who cannot be competent to discuss the matter in dispute. When a strike seems necessary, instead of calling out all the men in a shop, and taxing all men in other shops to support the enforced idlers, he would begin by calling out only those who make work for others; the threat to the employer will be no less serious, but the mass of the men may be able to continue at work, at least for a time. It would seem that "sympathetic" strikes are to be abandoned, for Mr. Hicks says "no employer who pays the proper wages, keeps the union hours and keeps the union rules has anything to fear." All this sounds business-like and sensible.

Flour, even from dollar wheat, is so cheap that no consumer expects to find it adulterated, yet the chemist of a Southern board of health has discovered that the flour of corn, in the form of corn starch, may be and is mixed with wheat flour to the great profit of the mixer. There is no chemical means of discovering the adulteration: only the microscope, which shows the difference of structure of the particles, can disclose the fraud. The loss to the buyer is nothing, from the standpoint of nutriment, while the gain to the adulterator is about two cents per pound.

The newest means of transportation to the mining regions of the Yukon is to be a stage-line. Six hundred horses have been contracted for; probably the necessary stages also, and the route is to follow the Mackenzie River for twelve hundred miles. Nothing is said about making a road, but pioneers are not particular about so unimportant a detail. Neither is there any information about cemetery accommodations along the road, although twelve hundred miles of staging in a new country would be equivalent to death by slow torture to many of the men who are intent upon mining in Alaska.

Alaska's Governor has published some needed warnings to would-be argonauts. He says all the ground is covered with moss, which must be scraped off before prospecting can begin; the ground, in summer, thaws but a few inches deep, so fires must be made to soften it; the streams are swift, the water cold, the mosquitoes large, and the prospector should be prepared to support himself for several years. "A word to the wise," etc.

The Debs socialistic colony that is to be established in the State of Washington has the good fortune, rare in colonizing enterprises, of securing nearly seven hundred people of a single trade—glass-making—the heads of families having each from two hundred to two thousand dollars in cash savings. Another body of glass-makers is said to be likely to join the colony. As all of these people are French or Belgians, they may be depended upon to be industrious and to keep a tight grip upon their money. Probably, also, they will be protected, by cost of transportation, from serious competition by Eastern manufacturers of glass, so they should be able to market their entire output on the Pacific Coast. Incidentally, they will give some encouragement to the languishing horse trade of the Coast, for in the lands of their birth they learned to eat horseflesh.

Although boots and shoes would seem about the last articles on which human beings could economize, the number manufactured for the wholesale trade in the month just ended was almost one-third greater than the output of November of last year. The increase cannot result in an overstock, for almost all the goods were made in response to orders and the mills still have orders to busy them for some months to come.

### Miscellaneous.

The best illustration of the esteem in which men who fought in the Union armies are held in the South is the fact that a bill to grant Union veterans the same exemptions from special taxation that are accorded Confederate veterans was introduced in the Georgia Legislature last month. Still more, it was offered by an ex-officer of the Southern army, and, instead of voting it down and expelling the man who introduced it, the members discussed it for a full week and fifty-eight voted for it; probably those who voted against it were too young to have taken part in the war.

One great item of expense of the Pension Bureau has been the examination of applications. As the war ended more than thirty years ago it would seem to any one who does not know the ways of pension agents and members of Congress that by this time all possible applications must have been received and fully considered. On the contrary, about two hundred thousand applications are still awaiting decisions and new ones are received every day. The Pension Office at Washington—one of the largest, most populous structures in that city of enormous public buildings—is the greatest and most significant of soldiers' monuments.

When I suggested in this paper, several weeks ago, that the irrepressible Emperor of Germany might start a little war with the United States, just to exercise his army and navy, several readers made haste to inform me that his Imperial Majesty could not declare war at will. Although the information was unnecessary, what do the informants think of the German movement upon the Chinese coast? Some German subjects having been injured by natives, a portion of the coast was occupied "in satisfaction"; if the people protest as forcibly as is their right, there will be fighting, which is equivalent to war. Should a few inhabitants of one of our States maltreat several German subjects, as small gangs have maltreated Italians in other States, and our national authorities declare (as in such cases they have done) that they have no authority over the citizens of a State, and Germany should therefore send an armed force to demand satisfaction of the offending State, no declaration of war by either side would necessarily precede the inevitable shooting of the kind that produces war.

Canada is about to make a long stride toward closer relations with the mother country by changing the postal rate on letters to any part of the British Empire from five cents per half-ounce to three cents an ounce. There was a time, within the memory of millions of people now living, when the United States letter postage was ten cents per half-ounce and the sending or receiving of a letter was a great event in most families. Suddenly the rate changed to three cents, and then people of different parts of the Union began to renew acquaintances and retain new ones, and business gave a mighty bound toward prosperity.

In one of the Mexican States all school children are to be taught hereafter to write with the left hand as well as with the right, and to use the left hand as generally as the right, in manual labor also. This important reform movement should have begun in the United States, where there are more undeveloped resources in proportion to population than there are anywhere else in the world, and where the man of only one hand has a heavier handicap than him of one leg or one eye.

Kansas City justice seems to be in a bad way. Two prominent citizens are under arrest for attempting to bribe jurors in a murder trial, there has been failure, for some time, to secure convictions in grave criminal cases, and sixteen alleged murderers are awaiting the action of the grand jury or the courts. The only convicted murderer in town is a negro, who of course is poor, and the judge of a criminal court said from the bench a few days ago that it was coming to be possible for a man to kill any one and be without fear of conviction if his bank account was in good shape. Such conditions are highly conducive to lynching affairs.

Maine Prohibitionists are in hard luck. Not only have they lost Neal Dow, whose mere personality was a moral and physical rallying-point, but a carload of barley-seed was distributed this year for experimental purposes, and the farmers are satisfied that barley will be more profitable than any other grain that will grow in the State. The anti-drink people are raving about it, but Maine soil is thin, the growing season short, and farmers must live. The Prohibitionists have still a fighting chance; if they will distribute some thousands of copies of the Cornell Experimental Station's new circular of information on the method by which a phenomenal crop of potatoes was raised this year, and also distribute good seed potatoes, Maine may yet be spared the disgrace of growing barley for brewers. Still, much whisky is made from potatoes.

JOHN HABERTON.

### New York's Fireboat Fleet.

THE Greater New York will excel any other city of the world in its facilities for fighting fire, for besides its great number of high-grade engines and perfectly drilled firemen ashore it will have a fleet of the floating engines called fireboats. A valuable addition to this fleet will be the "William L. Strong," named for New York's present Mayor, and launched a few days ago at the shipyard of Dialogue & Son, Camden, N. J. The "Strong" will be second in effectiveness to no other fireboat in existence except the "New York," also of this city. The new vessel, constructed entirely of steel, is as strong of hull and sides as a naval cruiser; for her exposed surface must be able to withstand an accidental stream, as penetrating as an ordinary cannon-shot, from some other fireboat. The "Strong's" water-line length is 102 feet, length over all 110 feet, beam 20 feet, and draught 9 feet. She has three "water-towers," or elevated iron nozzles of five inches diameter, her pumping capacity is 6,000 gallons per minute, and the water is delivered at a pressure of 175 pounds to the square inch;

so any one of her five-inch streams could break through the siding of a burning steamboat, or the wooden or iron walls of an inclosed pier, or penetrate the wall of any ordinary brick building along the water front, and, indeed, destroy the entire front so that the interior might be flooded and the spread of the fire prevented. In extinguishing a fire in the business portion of a great city the building in which the flame starts is of secondary consideration; the first purpose of the Fire Department is to keep the fire from reaching other buildings.

New York already has two steel fireboats, the "New York" and "Zophar Mills," the former having almost twice the capacity of the "Strong"; the wooden "Havemeyer," the first fireboat built, is still useful, and Brooklyn will contribute to the fleet of the new city her two fine wooden fireboats, the "Seth Low" and "D. L. Boody." Each of the floating engines carries may lengths of hose, so any and all may be effective, if desired, at a fire far from the water's edge. Of course, a fireboat's water supply is inexhaustible.

The necessity for a fire fleet will be evident to any one who will look at a map of the Greater New York. Two great rivers, several smaller streams, portions of New York Bay and of Long Island Sound, give the city more than one hundred miles of water front, more than one-half of which is already lined with piers, warehouses, mills, stores, public institutions and other valuable property; but there are combinations of wind and flame which would prevent the land branch of the Fire Department from reaching a burning building close to the water. In such cases only the fire fleet could prevent a great conflagration. The boats, like fire-engines ashore, have regular stations at proper intervals; they always have "steam up," and are ready to begin pumping the instant they reach a fire; and their crews are thoroughly trained firemen as well as competent seamen.—(See page 5.)

### Death at the Crossing.

In the list of causes of American railway accidents that might be prevented the "grade crossing" ranks next in gravity to car-coupling. Collisions and derailments are most feared by travelers and receive most attention from the newspapers, but collisions and derailments combined do not cause five hundred deaths a year in the United States; deaths at grade crossings have killed more than five hundred persons a year for the last several years, besides maiming nearly twice that number, and the mortality shows no sign of decreasing. These statements are based upon figures in the official reports of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. As the population of the country is steadily increasing, the number of accidents at crossings must also increase in all States that do not prohibit trains crossing highways at a common level.

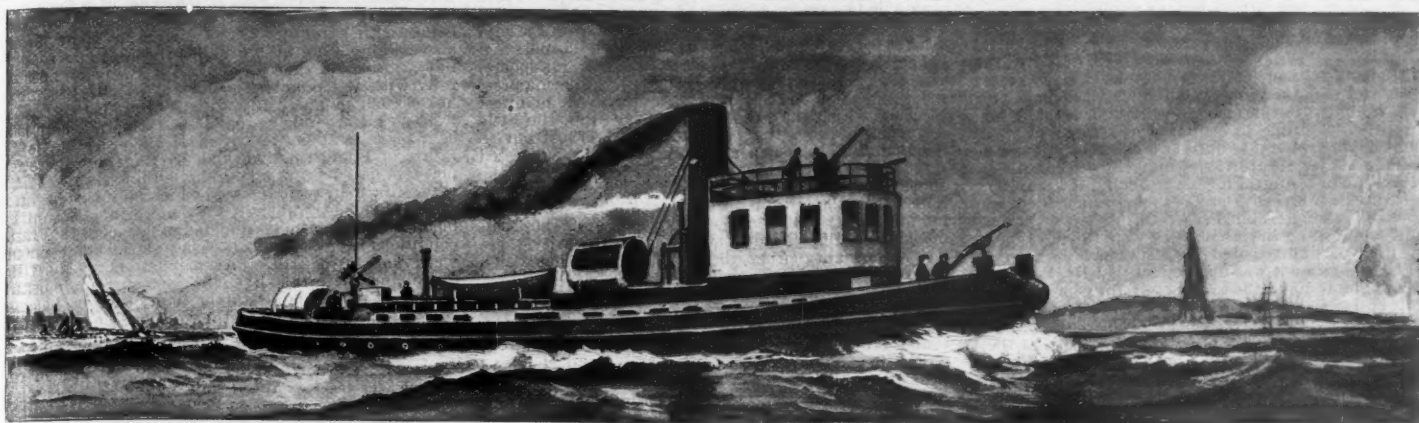
The grade crossing is a survival of the early days of railroading, when the country was more sparsely populated, when railways were gladly accepted on any conditions and at any risk, and when it was customary for trains, slow at best, to slacken speed when approaching a crossing. If in those days a driver or pedestrian was struck by a train he was supposed to have been deaf or drunk; for, in addition to slowing, the engineer blew a whistle or rang a bell. Now, however, in almost every State there are engineers who are expected to make nearly a mile a minute over portions of the track; at this rate of speed the sound of bell or whistle does not give timely warning to the driver of a spirited horse or even to a farmer with a heavy load behind a slow team.

It is commonly supposed that the grade crossing is peculiarly deadly in large cities. Certainly there are localities that have made unenviable reputation in this respect; among them are Buffalo and Chicago, and particularly Newark, N. J., in which city there is a crossing which is the true "dark and bloody ground" of the United States, for it would be difficult to name a battlefield on which so many persons have been killed on an area so small. Yet such danger-points in cities are not unguarded; all of them have warning signs, flagmen, bells, lights, or closing gates—or perhaps all of these combined—yet accidents continue.

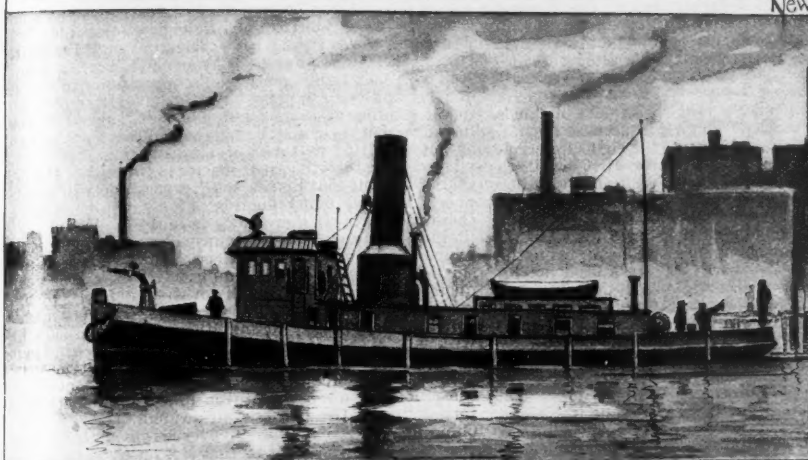
This being the case in cities, where there are many observers, all of whom may be possible witnesses in suits for damages, what hope is there for people who are obliged to cross railway tracks in rural districts where perhaps there is a single means of warning, perhaps none? There are thousands upon thousands of such crossings in the Union, and although some States have enacted admirable laws for the protection of human life against railway trains, the slaughter of the innocents continues. No automatic signal, even the best, is infallible; nor are flagmen and gatemen always awake, sober and alert. Even were all present precautions the best of their kind, they could not be depended upon to prevent harm so long as the most common means of locomotion is the horse; our double-page illustration shows "A Case in Point."

The only absolute prevention of accidents at crossings is the sinking or raising of railroad or highway so that the crossing cannot be at the level. This method has already been adopted by trunk line and other companies intent upon making fast trips by avoiding any and all causes for slowing. Other companies are being forced to it by State laws or the warning that comes of many suits for damages, but most roads persist in pleading poverty. Railroads exist primarily for the purpose of paying interest on bonds and dividends on stock; anything, but necessary repairs and running expenses, that divert money from this purpose, is very unpopular with even the best of railway men. Most of the companies have recently united in asking more delay in equipping their cars with the automatic couples that were specified and commanded by Congress four years ago, although the present system of coupling kills and maims seven or eight thousand railway employees every year; so what hope is there that the companies of their own initiative will abolish grade crossings? The subject is one of life-and-death gravity for every one who by any possibility is likely to cross a railway track at the level; it is also one that demands concerted action in every town and county.—(See double page.)

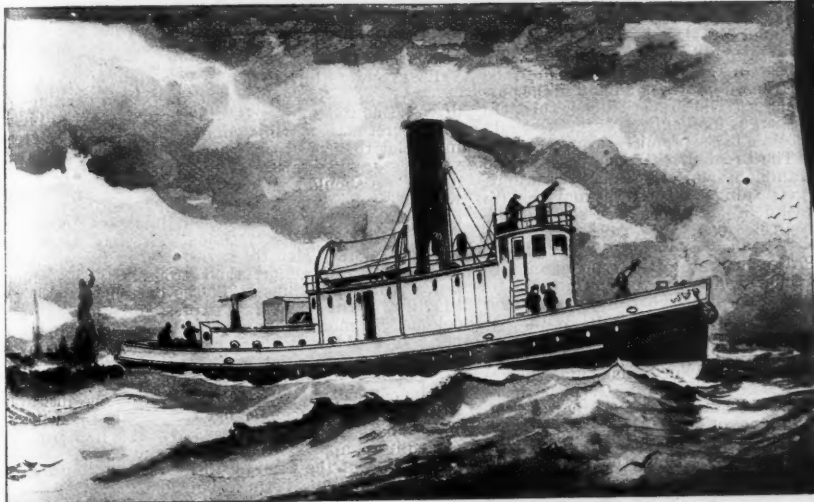




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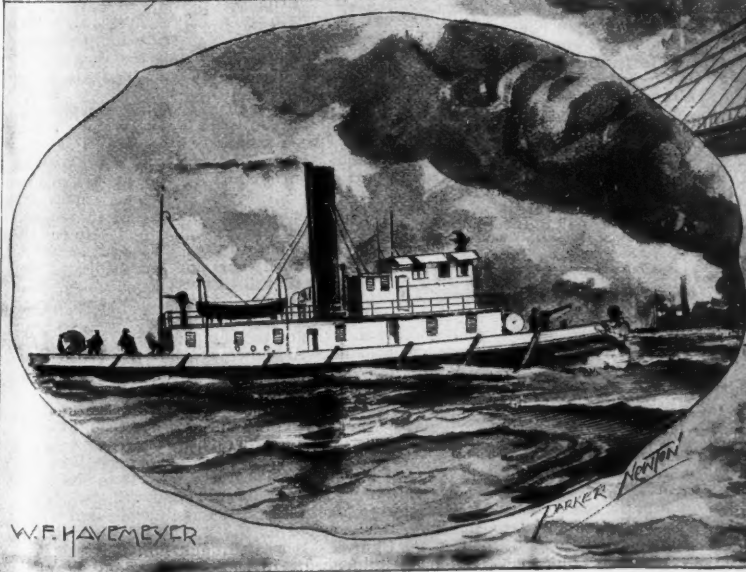
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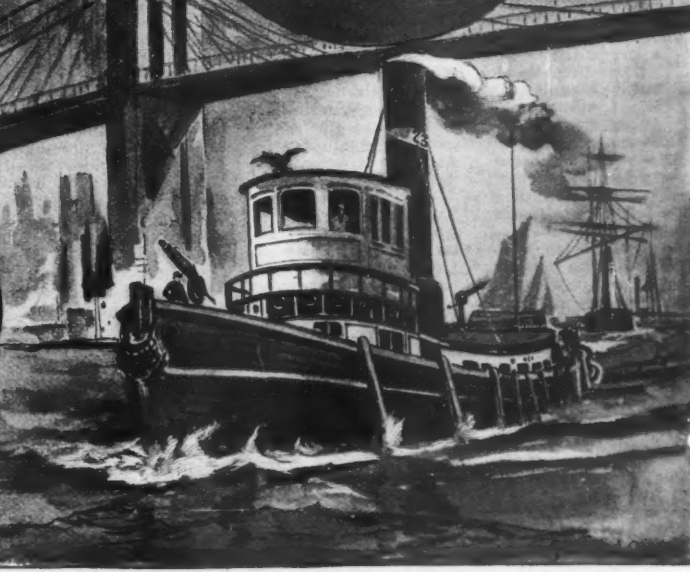
W.L. STRONG



ZOPHAR MILLS



W.F. HAVEMEYER



PARKER NEWTON

THE FIREBOAT FLEET OF GREATER NEW YORK.

(DRAWN BY PARKER NEWTON.)



# OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

## THE BLESSINGS OF THE TWELVEMONTH.

THANKSGIVING may seem a belated subject. It is the reverse. New Year is the proper time in which to make good resolutions, a fortnight later it is high time to begin to break them. So with Thanksgiving. It is not until two full weeks have gone that the subject bears reviewing. Now what did we not have to be thankful for? Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, I prefer the advent of the chainless bike to that of Tammany's return to power, and my thanks concerning the last election were full of rejoicing that in no possibility could the result have been worse. At the same time it was nice to feel that Dr. Parkhurst is spared to us, and, it is to be hoped, fully enjoying the fruits of his labors. It was nice, too, to feel that the instant the Collis excavations are completed the Underground will give us another earthquake. But these are local issues. So also is the fact that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner conceived the idea of a National Academy of Letters, that M. Brunetiere is publishing his Impressions of us, and that Mr. Anthony Hope is scheduled to do the same. In appreciation of such blessings there could not be too many turkeys stuffed with chestnuts. Looking at subjects of wider import, it was surely a cause for national thanksgiving that not alone did we avoid a rumpus with Spain, but that we even rescued a maiden from her clutches. And lives there the man with soul so dead who on the 25th ult. did not join with his manservant, his maidservant, and the stranger within his gates, in singing hosannas to the benefits of the Dingley bill and the beauties of the hundred dollar limit. It was for such things we gave thanks, and how, in decency, could we help it.

Dr. Parkhurst states that he would rather fight five Crokers than one Platt. I admire his valor, but I question his ability. I may be in error, I often am, but I suspect that Mr. Croker would refuse to fight back. Had this reverend gentleman labored in another vineyard, had he preached peace and goodwill toward men, and generally minded his own business, there would be a different kettle of fish. But not a bit of it. He went about kicking down screens, raising the very dickens about matters which concerned his cloth as much as do the affairs in Afghanistan, inciting for all he was worth a reform which has culminated in the inevitable reaction, and then talks about fighting five Crokers. He could not do it. He could not fight one, or the fraction of one. Mr. Croker would not let him. Mr. Croker fights his enemies—never his allies; no sane man does. Dr. Parkhurst, come hither a bit and let your servant have speech with you. Have you not observed the Christian spirit in which Mr. Croker bears your contumely, the meekness with which he accepted your taunts? Do you not know that did you smite him on one cheek he would turn to you the other? Are you unaware that, barring Mr. Platt, you are the best friend he ever had? Can't you see that you have done more for the wigwam than Mr. Sheehan, Senator Grady, Judge Divver, and the rest of the boys put together? Fight Mr. Croker! Fight five of him! Why, my dear and reverend sir, surely you must be thinking of Mr. Low. You can't mean Mr. Croker. He loves you.

## THE OBITER DICTA OF JUDGE MADDOX.

The Nack case presented in one respect a delightful analogy to the Fleming trial. In that proceeding never once did the counsel for the defendant refer to his client otherwise than as "This lady"—a little homage which he subsequently alleged that lady repaid by balking him of his fee. Mr. Justice Maddox has been quite as polite. The obese obstetrician in the dock, instead of being to him the prisoner at the bar, became to him "This lady" also. He got mixed, I suppose, and fancied himself court chamberlain; otherwise, with entire propriety, he might have had himself up for contempt. And yet in a country in which there are washer-ladies and sales-ladies and every imaginable kind of ladies, why should there not be murder-ladies too? It may be that it was all a bit of waggery on the part of Mr. Justice Maddox, in which case, while one may admire his humor, it is permissible to suggest that the bench is not the proper place for its scintillation. In Swan and Edgars', some years ago, the Duchess of Montrose made an inquiry regarding certain articles which she had purchased. "And was it," the floor-walker asked, "a thin gentleman with freckles who served you?" "No," the lively old duchess after a moment's reflection replied. "No, I think it was a fat nobleman with a bald head." Should Mr. Justice Maddox do me the honor to read that little jest he may not catch the point. It is there, however, and it is one, moreover, which, with entire respect, I will commend to his careful consideration.

## THE INFLU- ENCE OF MOW JEN.

Mr. Chu Fong, the Chinatown Croker, gave recently at Mon Lay Won's a dinner at which it was a pleasure to assist. Mon Lay Won's is the Pell Street Waldorf, and the dinner was by way of compliment to what Mr. Chu Fong termed the Incoming Municipal Administration. After the excellent fashion of Asia, where, according to our notions, everything is a bit topsy-turvy, it opened with tobacco, and ended, according to another excellent Oriental custom, without speeches of any kind. By way of preliminary there was a reveille to wake every ancestor in the neighborhood, three notes strenuously repeated on gong and tom-tom, heightened and accentuated by a firecracker fusillade. With that for prelude the feast began. First there were sweets—candied pineapple, which it is bliss to eat, and Yung To, the Star Fruit, which is even blissfuler. Then came the famous Yin Wan—birds' nest soup—which I may commend to the attention of Astorians; dried fish fins that had the taste of lilacs that are

far away; and presently Gi Men, a dish which, being translated, means fried chicken, but fried chicken beside which that of Maryland is the infancy of art. Meanwhile, served in what looked like antique coffee-pots, there was Mow Jen, or rice wine, which was drunk from little fat basins of thimble size. Under its influence things began to look very celestial indeed. There was a lady present, a child of six, whom you would have sworn had just stepped from a fairy tale of Cathay. And as for the consul, what with his splendid robes and splendid face he seemed a visitor from a larger sphere. His compatriots, too, were evocative. The manifest pleasure which he took in greeting them, the manifest pleasure which they took in greeting him, the little ceremonies which they reciprocally observed, but so delightfully, with such an absence of pose, suggested possibilities in courtesy quite of a nature to take the Incoming Municipal Administration aback. There was none of that slapping on the shoulder and have-one-with-me familiarity which is good-fellowship in its most odious shape. But though there was no vulgarity there was no formality either, there was not even that which I think I have seen somewhere described as "well-bred ease," there was nothing but the pretty manners of pleasant children that have grown to be men. The Chinese are not popular, and I have not a doubt but that there are some fine fiends among them. But as a race they are older than we, by the same token more primitive, more infantile too. Yet they knew how to read, and, for that matter, how to print, before Europe could spell. As they were then so they are to-day. Theirs is a case of arrested development. But if intellectually inferior, socially they are charming, and no one could ask better evidence of the fact than that which was afforded at Mr. Chu Fong's altogether delightful feast.

## THE PEOPLE AND THE PUDDING.

Mr. Croker's visit to Mr. McCullagh is an incident which it is pleasant to note. It is the first step in the right direction. If, as is now probable, Mr. McCullagh retains his present position, every one who cares a rap about good government may take heart and rejoice. There is not a better officer in the world than this gentleman. He is white through and through, so white that though a Republican, even the Democrats recognize his worth. It were hard not to, but there where politics enter blindness does, too. In the circumstances it is proper to get out the drum and beat it. This is the first time in the history of Tammany that such a thing has occurred. It is not only an incident, it is an event. It is more. Mr. McCullagh is not only white, he is capable. New York has never had a better Chief of Police. There are a dozen men who might take his position, there is not one who could take his place. There is not a reason why he should not be retained and every reason why he should. We have had our fill of incompetency. It is high time that we were able not alone to live in peace but to walk in peace. The force used to be as infested with brutes as the streets were with thugs. Under Mr. McCullagh there has been none of that. New York will never be the ideal. No modern city can be. In the purlieus there must be always scum, but, given the proper chief and in the purlieus the scum remains. The proper chief is this gentleman. His retention is not only a duty, it would demonstrate that Tammany's promises are not made through its hat. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. On the Tammany platform was the assurance of every kind of good thing. However it may be with the rest of the menu, if Mr. McCullagh remains the pudding at least will be good.

## THE KEY TO FAIRYLAND.

Professor James Gerkie is unconsciously exhibiting the key to fairyland. It is one which he has borrowed and which as yet fits but one door. With that open, however, one may stroll again through lands where dreams come true. In a recent issue of the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" he reports certain discoveries made by a German scientist, Dr. Nüesch, at Schweizersbild near Schaffhausen. There among the fauna of successive archaeological epochs were found certain skeletons which demonstrated that during Neolithic times the locality was inhabited by two distinct races. One of these was of average height, the other was entirely diminutive, but perfectly proportioned and indicating nothing which could be attributed to a diseased condition. In the old prehistoric days in which they lived this race could have been none other than the gnomes of legend, the Kobolds who in folk-lore were held to haunt the hills and dim retreats; and behold, from a past so remote that learning has no knowledge of it, a reminiscence returns—that tale of elves which in the nursery seemed quite true and which undoubtedly is. There is nothing quite new, but there are things so old that they appear so. The flying machine, the airship and other wonders that are to come will be entrancing, no doubt, but to the contemplative they cannot be much more delightful than the verification of the archaic report that in the commercial world in which we live to-day there once lived fairies also.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The current issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" contains an article which indicates as plainly as an article can that the novel considered as a commercial commodity is ceasing to be. Three years ago the same prognostic appeared in this column. To-day the novel is not merely ceasing to be, it has ceased. The causes which have contributed to its decay are undetermined. If a suspicion is worth anything, it is possible to assume that the slabs of veal which the magazines have handed out constitute one of the indirect agents. It has been natural to expect from the best periodicals the best fiction. As the reader took it out in expecting it was equally natural to fancy that anything not appearing in these publications must be worse. As a matter of fact, it could not be, but that is neither here nor there. Locally, in the past twelve-month there has not been more than two novels which would appeal to an order of intelligence higher than that of an upper housemaid. France has been as barren. Even the splendid genius of Richépin has been dumb. Hermant and Hervieu have taken the one to writing squibs, the other to writing plays. Daudet, by

his own admission, *n'a plus rien dans le ventre*. In Russia, Dostoevsky is dead. On the Baltic, the Ibsen cult has given place to Obscenism. From Germany nothing is ever awaited, and, barring "Es War," nothing came. In Italy, were it not for the recent elections d'Annunzio would be forgot. From Poland, it is true, there came a klinker, and, if the value of a book may be judged by the amount of abuse it receives, there came another from the Isle of Man. Mr. Henry James also delighted, not the world but the appreciative, once more. But add that up and see if the result does not tally with the premises. And yet because the novel has ceased, commercially, to be a profitable enterprise, it by no means follows that it is extinct. There is an eclipse of great masters, that is all. Fielding is the father of English fiction, and, barring him, there was not, a hundred years ago, a single thing that was fit to read. Little by little the seed which he sowed began to sprout, indolently at first, then more rapidly, until it bloomed into splendor and magnificence. In France conditions were identical. The glories that ensued were more royal still. Presently letters will be tilled again, and those that live will see a crop more beautiful, and it may be more stately, than literature has ever beheld. Genius returns to the world as the leaf returns to the tree. Fiction is not dead, it sleepeth.

## ALL THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

Mr. Walter Raleigh has written and Edward Arnold has published a little volume on Style, in which the author recites that his subject cannot be taught and that divination is the only access to its mysteries. Mr. Raleigh clothes his idea with more words than I have given, but that, I take it, is what he means. Far be it from me to correct him. And yet, had I this gentleman's opportunity to teach and his ability to express I should have attempted to instill a different lesson; I should have suggested, for instance, that style may be taught and that its laws are as cut-and-dried as those of mathematics. Flaubert, who was—and is—the great master in this sort of thing, said of himself that his one merit was sobriety in metaphor. He had many another, of course; but where there is greatness there, too, is modesty. Flaubert's literary heir was Guy de Maupassant. The one merit which he claimed was an affection for words that are small and words that are simple. Gautier also is very quotable. Said he: "There are a thousand ways of expressing a given idea, there is only one which is exact." Now if Mr. Raleigh will mix those three methods he will have all the law and the prophets. It is in their observance that style resides. Summarily, it may be defined as the sorcery of syllables, the fall of sentences, the pursuit of a repetition even unto the thirtieth and fortieth line. Grammar is an adjunct. It is not an obligation. No grammarian ever wrote a thing that was fit to read. Can it be that Mr. Raleigh is a grammarian?

## THE DUTY OF THE ESSAYIST.

Ouida, when she puts her pen or her pencil or her stenographer on a subject, abandons it as reluctantly as a terrier does a rat. It is a year and a day since she has been writing on dress. But the subject is still young to her, still new. The regret is that, while voluminous, she is uninteresting. But then on dress where is the lady who is not weariless and wearisome? Before condemning the matter we should remember the sex. A well-dressed woman, some one some where suggestively stated, enjoys a peace of mind which religion is impotent to create. In this respect, Ouida, one may assume, is entirely serene. Men, however, are, to her thinking, otherwise. She abhors their trousers. This abhorrence, which is expressed in the current issue of the "Ladies' Realm," she has expressed before. In this column, six months ago, fresh pairs were exhibited to her. It would be indecorous of the writer to again display those summer patterns. In the circumstances he has but one recourse. It is to urge, yet with entire deference, that she remove those which she insists on wearing. Ever since memory runs not to the contrary she has been laying down the law. It is high time she picked it up, applied it to herself and realized that it is the duty of the essayist to instruct, failing that to amuse, and, failing both, to be silent.

## SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

The Princess Carolyne of Sayn Wittgenstein is a lady whose career deserves a notice a trifle more nervous than that which appears in a recent issue of the "Revue de Paris." By race a Slav, in spirit a Latin, and by rank a princess, she was educated like a man and mated to a German whom she detested. To lull the languors of an ennui which must have been infinite she began and, what is more, completed, a work in twenty volumes on "The Internal Causes of Christianity's External Weakness." It has not been published yet, and won't be for ten years to come. When it is, it is rumored that it will place her on a par with Saint-Simon and Lamennais. Perhaps it may, but that is a side issue. Meanwhile the languors were lulled, but not her dislike of her husband. Presently that dislike was accentuated. She met Liszt. For twelve years thereafter she wondered what she could do. Finally she decided. With a view to becoming the wife of the composer she got a divorce from her husband. As, however, she was a Catholic, it was necessary that the Church should first annul the marriage. That the Pope ultimately consented to do. The altar was then prepared. At the very last moment word came that the Pope, influenced by some occult force, refused. The blow, which was terrible, was not lessened by the fact that the Tsar, angered by the divorce, had confiscated her estates. Then suddenly the clouds broke. Her husband died. She was free, free to marry, free to love. It was that moment which the composer selected as the proper one in which to enter the Church. It was through him that the Pope had been influenced. In those twelve long years he had wearied of the lady who had written twenty volumes on the Internal Evidence of External Weakness. I can't say I blame him, but who was it said that men were deceivers ever? And yet consider the guile of that wretch who could write rhapsodies with one hand and betray princesses with the other. Surely there is a lesson in Sigh-no-more.



# Men, Manners and Moods.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LXIX.

**THE INEBRIATE ENGLISH-WOMAN.**

DRUNKENNESS among women of the English lower classes cannot be called merely usual, it is *ubique gentium*—"all over the place." It runs through the valleys of London life like a new inky Styx. You see enough of it, heaven knows, among dingy purloins of the poor, but you can hear tragic tales of it if you choose to talk with those who know it best—know it, often to their bitter cost. In America we seldom hear that simple phrase, "she drinks." In England it is on many lips, and by no means necessarily those of the scandal-bearer. London women, too, are so unblushing in their potations. There are no "family entrances" in public houses here. The feminine beer-bibber or gin-bibber stands quietly beside the male one, taking her tippie as if she loved it not a whit less than he. Husbands and wives often drink together—not seldom they even get drunk together—and with two or three children at their sides. I know of several pathetic cases at this moment, however, where the husbands will permit no such domestic laxity; and yet they are tortured, all the same, by their wives' inebriate habits. Lately a story came to my knowledge in the most undubious way. It concerned a porter in a very prominent hotel, an athletic, handsome, genial fellow, who had been married only a few years. "Every night while I'm going home from work," he said, "I wonder if I'll find the missus drunk or sober." Then, with clouding face and moistening eyes, he went on: "Often I wish that I might find her dead!" Enormous quantities of stimulant are drunk by all kinds of Englishwomen. The chill moisture of the climate seems to affect, in this distressing fashion, many a feminine temperament. Besides, good water is a rarity here, as in all transatlantic countries. Malt liquors are constantly substituted for it throughout England. Hence all these conjugal tears!

**GENTLEMAN, BOOKMAN AND SCHOLAR.** Many New York people will remember Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, who diverted society about ten years ago by giving it glimpses into the alleged science of palmistry, and who, while creating a great deal of mirth and amusement, dealt pangs of horror to certain persons (or so it is declared) in the "*moriturus te saluto*" style. But Mr. Heron-Allen is, I think, wronged in this instance. If he had had any grudge to pay off he would never have adopted any such merciless method. Whatever he believes concerning the human hand at present, he has succeeded in obtaining that of a very winsome lady. He and his wife live most agreeably in a very attractive house near St. John's Wood. Mr. Heron-Allen always had a strong streak of the *virtuoso*, and as he chances to be the only son and heir of a leading London solicitor and does gratify this taste, his house is a little palace of luxury tempered by refinement and discretion. But Edward Heron-Allen is far more than a mere collector of *objets d'art*, as those who have read his "Kisses of Fate," "Bellademonio," and other poetic novels, must be aware. Moreover, this author put a large amount of energy into his "Manual of Cheiromancy" and his "Violin-Making," which he claims (and doubtless with thorough justice) are the only seriously accepted text-books on their special subjects. He has also good reason to be proud of his "Bibliography of the Violin," which cost him great stress of effort to compile. . . . But these accomplishments fade (from the standpoint of energy and scholarship) before Mr. Heron-Allen's enormous and long-protracted task of translating in full the "*Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam*." Fitzgerald has already made us familiar with certain stanzas of this beautiful work, a gorgeous and odoriferous flower of Oriental epicureanism—a work whose paganism entices, whose eloquence thrills, whose poetry intralls. Fitzgerald made but a few extracts from the famed voluminous Persian text. Mr. Heron-Allen, with unparalleled industry, patience and sympathy, now endeavors to give the world, for the first time, an English translation of all that Omar thought and wrote. Aided by a remarkable familiarity with the Persian language, Mr. Heron-Allen has personally consulted all those great European libraries which contain the various manuscripts of the "*Ruba'iyat*." I have had the privilege of examining certain sheets of his work—a literal prose translation yet an excessively able and exact one. It will soon be issued by a prominent London house, and all Mr. Heron-Allen's American friends will, I am confident, hail it with admiration and joy.

**THE BRITON'S WAYS WITH WOMEN.** Till of late I had been under the impression that American women were greatly liked in England. But I find that, all in all, the placid, reserved, self-contained English woman is far more liked. The truth of the matter amounts to this: British gentlemen, however they may be amused by our piquante, shrill-voiced, mettlesome maids and matrons, look upon them, for the most part, as underbred, even common as well. When they marry our girls—a tendency which, as we are now aware, threatens to lapse into confirmed habit—they at once attempt to tame them, as regards manners and general deportment. In a little while all their so-termed "aggressiveness" wears completely away. They are wonderful at the art of imitation, and two or three years will transform their nasal tones into silvery ones, their restlessness into repose, their "dash and go" into serene decorum. For it is undeniably true that even the English fashionable man of most innate and uncompromising vulgarity (there are not a few of this kind) detest the least hint of explosiveness and volubility in their wives. They can be as "clever" as they choose to remain, but across all their former high-spirited modes and methods

(provided they have originally hailed from New York, San Francisco or any intermediate birthplace) must be drawn a veil of calmness and restraint. . . . Certain men of the world here, if you got them into a little confessional debate on this whole question, would admit to you that they would rather have their wives immoral than "loud." "Loudness" in women makes them think of their tradespeople's, their fishmongers', their costermongers' wives, who, taken altogether, are a great deal louder than ours. Feminine immorality may exist in striking preponderances among the most refined London sets; but it is not held endurable unless practiced with a most passionless demeanor. All the old countries—as one sees the more one lives in them—hold firmly to this necessity of "demeanor." It is a product of the past, but it retains a clear regnancy in the present. "Manners, manners, manners"; you see this demand everywhere throughout Europe. The clerk who sells you a three-shilling necktie obeys it, and so does the pickpocket who robs you of a franc-piece. To us of the West it may mean, this demand, in a general sense, almost nothing. To them it burns on with the smoldering yet unextinguished fires of tradition. We, who are unquestionably the most uncivil of all civilized races, rate its value as far too slight. They, on the other hand, have reduced it to a kind of empty lip-service, which often tantalizes even while it soothes.

**NEW TRUTHS ABOUT ENGLISH AUTHORS.**

One hears, in America, all sorts of tales about the prices paid to English authors by their own countryfolk. The truth is simply this: Nine-tenths of the popular authors depend more upon their American sales than their British ones. Certain of our own syndicate *entrepreneurs* (Mr. S. S. McClure, Mr. Batchelor, and others) could tell tales on this head if so disposed. But it naturally does not please these gentlemen to tell tales. It is to their interest that those American publishers whom they offer the wares of their transatlantic customers should believe them of great value in the land of their literary birth. Once or twice, of late, while living here in London, I have had my eyes opened in remarkable way. A certain renowned author admitted to me that he had here received for one of his latest novels about a third of what I have long supposed he was in the habit of harvesting. Journals of high standing here—weekly journals which I could name, and of which the illustrations are often superfluous—pay for serials miserable prices. With magazines it is very much the same. The American "middleman" can thus afford to buy low and sell high. Slight wonder that the Messrs. Harper & Bros., and a few others of our rich publishing houses, have created branch establishments in London. I doubt if Mr. Thomas Hardy would be willing to affirm that England had paid him a larger amount of money for his books than America. Certain men who achieve a very great vogue—like Mr. Rider Haggard, for instance—can command for each new book a large number of pounds; but the stories about their vast profits are nearly always exaggerated. Not a few wicked smiles, I fear, were born, two or three years ago, when some English writers abruptly sent a kind of "round robin" to the United States expressing their particular deprecation and detestation of a war between the two nations. You felt that there might be a touch of gratitude in this proclamation, but that there was also a stronger one of mercenary policy. Other sensible and intelligent Britons, hosts of them, deeply deplored the chance of so hideous a conflict. The truth is, America has long been a kind of Klondyke for English authors. Without its "market" many of their incomes would be most distastefully decreased. They know that they have been for years fortunate in finding America a monstrous intellectual colony, eager for their books and contemptuous of its own. Something of the same relations exists between France and Russia. However, a French writer has the finest "market" on the planet. Such men as Daudet or De Maupassant or Pierre Loti never made hits merely in their own country. They fired a shot, each time (so to speak), heard round the world. But it is not, with the French, a question of pushing, commercial syndicates, bent on the popularization of their books among foreign lands. It is simply a question of their wonderful language being read, if not spoken (though usually both), by all the educated persons of all progressive races. In Bradford, England, there is a syndicate which goes by the name of Tillotson & Son. They were recently quite incensed at me, and wrote me a chiding letter, because I presumed to tell them that the wind blew all one way, and the tide flowed all one way as well. They proudly assert that they are an international agency, and that they deal impartially with American and English books. Do they? The facts are that they "handle" about one American book to twenty English, and this is putting the case very mildly indeed. But I did not answer their somewhat tactless epistle. Illusions and delusions are both comforting, and I had not the heart to shatter theirs.

**SOCIAL ENGLAND AND THE MODERN STAGE.**

At the Duchess of Teck's funeral there were several well-known actors among the invited guests. They alighted from the special train, when it arrived at Windsor, and went to the castle amid a throng of titled grandees. They had known the late cousin of the Queen very well, and had been received by her, no doubt, time and time again, at her Richmond abode. You find people who sternly deplore this state of affairs, and regard it as a sign of social decadence. Those lines of demarcation, which were so salient here but a few decades ago, are now completely swept away. "The profession," formerly despised by the aristocracy, or at least held aloof by them with relentless rigor, is now honored, petted, adored. An Englishman said to me, quite bitterly, the other day: "It isn't only that the royal folk and the biggest swells make much; it isn't that you meet them everywhere; but it's the fact that you are asked to meet them at certain entertainments." . . . He seemed to consider it all wrong, but to me it was poignantly delightful. "Shade of Ward McAllister!" I thought. "Conceive of a New York actor or actress being treated like this!" However, I could not but remember the almost abysmal difference between many London players and the majority of American

ones. Then, also, it is true that a large number of men and women belonging to the best English families have gone on the stage for a living. Hence the theatre here has now a considerably solid social backing. Moreover, English theatrical people are far more amusing than ours. *Imprints*, they are, in countless cases, ladies and gentlemen. Secondly, they talk "shop" far less. Thirdly, they lead decorous and totally undissipated lives. How some of the women manage to lead the social lives that they do, almost passes comprehension. Of other women (utterly fashionable, idle, and belonging to the highest ranks of London society) they are sometimes the intimate friends. They have their visiting-books, their "days," their smart equipages, their troops of footmen, like any duchess. One thinks of Helen Faucit, of Ellen Tree—even of the great Siddons herself. But then these artists were not given continuous long vacations by the occurrence of long "runs." They often had to play from six to eight different parts every week. The modern English actress would be bored if she played more than one every three months.

**"QUO VADIS" AS A GRAND MASTERPIECE OF FICTION.**

The gentlemen who are just now besieging us with volume after volume of their "historical" fiction, might well take a lesson from the author of "*Quo Vadis*" as to what real historical fiction means. There is no novel of its kind with which I may contrast this marvel. Not to have read it is to have missed mighty thrills, both of horror and delight. The author is a scholar, beyond all doubt, of vast attainments. But he is more; he knows how to make the aridity of mere learning blossom like a rose. To what other work shall one liken this? To Henry Esmond? The latter becomes almost insignificant by comparison. To "*The Last of the Barons*"? It grows tame. "*The Cloister and the Hearth*"? It turns to a feeble flame. . . . This Henryk Sienkiewicz, creator of "*Quo Vadis*," is one of the aureoled elect. He has made all the splendors and infamies of Nero's reign live in coloring gorgeous as Titian's, dusky as Rembrandt's. Never, I think (not even by Renan himself), has the dionysian delirium, the colossal sensuality, the ribald heathenism, the bloodthirsty turpitude, the feverish artistic fervor, the riotous inhumanity of Roman downfall been portrayed with such force and skill. But, more than this, the calm white dawn of Christianity (one whose midday afterward turned so lurid and furious) is painted with unmatched power. Hugo might have been glad to sign this noble tale. It is too long, perhaps, but Sienkiewicz does not make length a weariness, as does so often his overrated and self-loving contemporary, Tolstol. He preserves, throughout, the true attitude of the artist. You know that he detests vice and villainy, although he describes them in their most luring hues of Roman decadence. But there is not a shadow of "preaching" in his pages, which evince all the drama of Hugo, with none of his unfortunate theatricalism. Every character burns with distinctness. Nero's need never be drawn again. You feel, as when looking at some great portrait by Velasquez, that it has been done once and forever. I have no hesitation in calling "*Quo Vadis*" one of the few great masterpieces of the past half century. Of course Sienkiewicz has gained much from Renan; but then we must remember that this lordly Frenchman never wrote novels. It is always difficult to praise unstintedly without risking, for your readers, monotonous results. But of this magnificent achievement I can say one unpleasant thing, though greatly against my will, thus piercing with a faint gloom of discord the sunny harmony of an all too willing praise. It is badly translated, and it deserves an English-writing translator worthy of the eloquent and careful Polish in which, unquestionably, it must have been written. It is worthy of the very best translator conceivable—one who can deal with Slav style and idiom in a way worthy of both their turbulent or peaceful passages. But where is such an adept to be found? Meanwhile we must thank the present translator for having permitted us to know that such a stupendous literary energy as Henryk Sienkiewicz has been born upon our lucky planet.

**PREROGATIVES OF ROYALTY.**

I hear that the Duchess of York is not regarded as socially attractive. She is indeed held, they say, to be rather uninteresting. She is not by any means pretty now, and, what is more (or perhaps less), she promises to become assertively plain in future years. One would fancy that it might need very little actual brain for royalty to appear the reverse of dull. Every care and trouble of the ordinary mortal at a fashionable entertainment is removed from its lot. Especially is this true in the case of royalty feminine. It enters a drawing-room, and of course everybody stands until it chooses to seat itself. Then it issues "commands" for this or that person to seek its august side—commands, it is comfortably aware, which will be obeyed with beaming alacrity. True, it must speak and not be spoken to, and this necessitates the invention of subjects. But royalty, whether male or female, should always find such task no task at all. A few polite questions, falling from its lips, are deemed precious as pearls. The wittiest and most engaging people forever vie with one another to win its gracious heed. Woe to those who fail, through any *gaucherie*, either deliberate or produced by total absence of mind. A droll story is told of a certain American gentleman. At some sort of revel sanctified by the presence of the Princess of Wales, he was told that he might be presented to that beautiful and exalted dame. "But she is very deaf," he was furthermore told, "and also very sensitive about her deafness. So promise that you will not allow yourself to appear as if even faintly aware of it." The gentleman promised. "Have you been in London before?" asked her Royal Highness, with the most bewitching smile. "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Mr. —; "this is my third visit. . . . Third!" he repeated, and lifted three fingers high in air. To the gentleman's introductory "backers" there came a sense of unforgivable wrong. To the offender himself there came a sense, no doubt, that on the looms of human experience are wrought fabrics which lifetimes cannot unravel.

(Continued on page 18.)





A CASE IN POINT.—THE DANGERS OF  
(DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG)





DANGERS OF THE LEVEL CROSSING.  
(BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)



## MEN, MANNERS AND MOODS.

(Continued from page 7.)

A PRINCESS  
WHO  
POUTS.

The Princess Maud of Wales, now Princess Christian of Denmark, continues, as it seems, cold and hard. She hates the pious and puritanic ways of Copenhagen, and she is sick at heart that she cannot go back to England and live there with the husband whom she married for love and whom she still fondly cherishes. But her Danish parents-in-law will not hear of this, and in detested Copenhagen she is forced to remain. Meanwhile her complaints regarding the quarters which have been assigned her, smell to heaven in her sorrowing disgust. She desires better domestic comforts, and "talks big," as a newspaper correspondent has lately put it, "about her papa's house at Sandringham." This, as everybody knows, is an edifice of great attraction. But one suspects that Maud would enjoy her present rather dismal quarters (which are described as partially law-courts, whose staircases are full of loitering burglars, pickpockets and cut-throats) if they were located within easy shopping-distance of Bond Street and the Burlington Arcade, and a stone-throw from the parental Marlborough House in St. James's. No sensible person would presume to say that the Princess Maud should be pitied, in a world where misery is so frightfully dominant. Nevertheless, everything is relative. She probably suffers quite as much, in her way, as many a poverty-pinched person does in his. And so she is to be lodged, we learn, in the Hague Palace, on the Konigsbaunmarkt, with a staircase wholly private, and all sorts of chambers quite to her taste. But the chances are that she will go on deporting herself with the same imperious discontent. In England she was excessively popular, and had, among the usual bevy of court flatterers, a number of alleged friends. With youth, health, and a desire for active participation in society, there is no telling what intoxication of enjoyment a position such as hers can bestow. There is little doubt that she will go on pining to regain it, and if she fails to do so in the future her defeat will prove a public surprise. Still, one can't help asking one's self why a young and loving bride should care so inordinately about her surroundings, provided they embraced the husband whom she is reported to adore. Surely there must be something rotten in Denmark even to-day, when it can poison with such keen unrest the companionship of a new up-to-date Hamlet both treasuring and treasured. You are tempted to ask yourself whether, after all, this was really any more of a love-match than countless other royal folk make, as the years roll on. For pride and love are of all human emotions the bitterest foes. When the two meet there is no possibility of compromise. A woman may be proud of the man she loves, but she can never truly love him because she is proud of him. May not the secret of Princess Maud's *ame ennuyee* be found just there?

MORE WILD-  
NESS FROM  
WILLIAM.

The droll imperial sauciness of that personage who now professes to rule Germany by "divine right," has recently encountered a somewhat important snub. The Consistory of the Lutheran or State Church of the Province of East Prussia, in which are William's game preserves of Rominten, passed, not long since, a unanimous vote of censure upon him for having violated the Sabbath by giving a large hunting-party on that day. Of course to any wide-minded person such a proceeding may seem ludicrous, provided the hunting-party refrained from bacchic dances and the clashing of too reverberant cymbals. But it may in this case add, on the other hand, a mammoth fagot to the fire of prejudice already kindled. William has constantly asserted his "divine right" in speech after speech, and is never enabled to make himself either noisier or sillier than when he rolls forth remarks on this subject. Thousands who previously excused his worst faults on the ground that he was religiously reverent, will now hold him in scorn. For it is conservatism only that keeps monarchs on their thrones, just at present, and conservatism and religion are naturally hand in hand. Heaven help the king or queen who shall offend that element of their people! There may be all sorts of unorthodox grandees among the royal families of England and Europe, but they take very good care not to let the secret transpire. I have indeed heard that the Empress Frederick is an out-and-out agnostic, though even she, unless I err, is seen regularly in her pew at church, despite the fact that she has now no regal power or influence whatever. As for the English royal family, they know but too well which way prudence lies. The Prince of Wales, on Sunday mornings at Sandringham, always stays from church till the very last, so that in his household there may be no shirkers of service. This has an amusing sound; but popularity is porcelain in its fragility, as we are all aware, and the Prince is very popular, notwithstanding his *vie d'égroté* of other years, and his present unrelenting career as a man of more harmless pleasure. His German nephew may well learn a lesson from him as to rigorous church-going and strict Sunday observances. These are times when even emperors should bear in mind that there are not only such things as camels' backs, but also the last straws that may break them.

TRAVELER,  
BOOKMAN AND  
GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, known so well as a man of rich individualism and marked literary gifts, abode with us, a few years ago, in New York. There he made many friends, like all men who come to foreign lands brimful of sympathy and brain alike. Since those days Mr. Sladen, who was always an insatiable traveler, has traveled still more. He had previously "been everywhere," but only as the phrase goes. He has now been everywhere in a literal sense, having put a clear girdle round the earth, but not in the fashion of "Puck" (who was, I believe, the first real globe-trotter ever mentioned in literature), but with a leisurely stoppage here and there, treating travel like the great "midway plaisance" that it really should be, and loitering here and there at its colorful shop-windows and booths. But all this while Mr. Sladen has found time for much fine and careful work. He has written (merely to instance one of his accomplishments) a delightful Japanese

novel, which teems with the closest knowledge of that specially fascinating part of the Orient. At present he is absorbed in editing "Who's Who," a serial cyclopedia which aims at making a really complete annual record of distinguished men and women of our period. To describe the general aim and purport of this volume still more distinctly, I will venture to quote a few of Mr. Sladen's own words, from a recent friendly letter:

"The book will consist of two parts. In the first part the most characteristic of the old features and arrangements of 'Who's Who' will be preserved. In the second part will be given skeleton biographies of the more important personages who figure in the Official Lists of the first part and of those who hold the leading positions in the various Government Services, in Literature, Science, Art (including the Drama), and in the Religious, Financial, and Sporting Worlds. This second half of the book will, in fact, be a kind of annual 'Men of the Time,' prepared with great care and issued at a popular price."

I am happy to add that, unlike some English annalists of contemporary famous people and their doings, Mr. Sladen is not at all averse to a full enlistment of American celebrities. This pleasant tendency is due, I feel sure, to his broad and keen experience, in former days, of our national "men, manners and moods."

## Hawthorne's Vitascope.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

XLVII.

THE GARDEN  
OF  
EDEN.

Now that cold weather is coming on, I like to think about the Paradisical Garden. And apropos comes an account of a new one, still in operation, in Brazil. A German scientific party has been down there and brought home photographs of the inhabitants. In these days of winter, divorce, fashionable marriage, and conventionalized, not to speak of murders and all the rest of the criminal catalogue, how delightful it is to hear of and believe in such a place. What do we care about Tom Platt or the bimetallic question or the Eastern Question, or the problem of Greater New York, or Labor and Capital, when, at a trifling expense of money, and in some three or four weeks of time, any one of us can go down below the equator, plunge into the forest, and take up our abode with people who are lovely to look upon, who are innocent as Adam and Eve before the Fall, and who in all respects live a happy and sinless life? Why do we not start at once? Alas, the only thing to dread is that some of us may. It has always been the way with Edens. We go there and make them hell. In this very region, though the inhabitants know and care nothing about it, there are gold and silver and precious stones, valuable woods, and other commercial attractions. Indeed, we have already been developing South American products for many years, and thought we had pretty thoroughly sized up Brazil. But Brazil is a large place, and travel there is not easy; there are no schemes for rapid transit either existent or in immediate contemplation. You must out your way through primeval forests with a machete, or grope your way up and down forest streams amid (I suppose) serpents and deadly insects. It is hot there; there are no newspapers, no tickers, no Wall Street, no army and navy, no criminal courts, no Congresses, no Patriarch Bells. There is nothing but pure nature, and pure human beings, who, in this world, have become the greatest of rarities. Were one of us to leave Fifth Avenue and Broadway and go down there, simply to live as the folks there live, he would be dead in a few weeks; not from venomous reptiles or bugs, nor from sunstroke or fever, still less from the attacks of the natives; but from sheer lack of what, in our artificiality of so many ages' growth, we have taught ourselves to believe is life. Swedenborg says in one of his books that when evil spirits are admitted to heaven (they being under the impression that it is a place and not a state, and that they could get on there as well as anybody, if they could only get in)—when they are afforded this opportunity, which is never denied them, they find it to be dark as pitch, devoid of breathable atmosphere, and productive of excruciating pains in the chest and abdomen. Is all they have heard about heavenly bliss a lie, then? No: the trouble is that the light of heaven blinds their eyes, the air of heaven is too fine and pure to nourish their gross lungs, and they are cramped and twisted by the absence of the foul conditions which, being foul, have become the only life they are capable of living. Hell is their heaven, and heaven is their only hell; and the experienced devils, who have tried it, when asked by the novitiates whether it would not be a good scheme to storm heaven, oust the angels, and possess the land, grin grimly and reply, "Try it, that's all!" The attempt, when made, is never repeated. A few moments is enough; then down plunges the exanimated devil, headforemost; and those who see him fall declare that he has been kicked out. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no kicking out about it. He throws himself down, and is thankful to the marrow of his wicked bones that he is able to do so. The angels don't object to his being there; on the contrary, they would fain cherish him and comfort him and give him all the good they enjoy. But any approach to such friendly ministrations on their part would result only in still more intolerable torture to him; so, in very mercy and compassion, they must let him go. And oh! the delight he feels in inhaling once more those stench and mephitic gases which answer for breathing-stuff, in feasting his eyes on the hideous stagnant pools, filthy rubbish heaps, blasted deserts, and vermin-infested caverns which constitute his home, and which are the reflection in objective form of the passions and falsities of his own diabolic nature! He throws out his chest, lifts his chin, and stalks to and fro in an ecstasy of well-being. This is home! Here is where the heart is: here a respectable fiend can enjoy himself in a respectable way. To him, the scenic features above indicated appear as fashionable clubs, handsome streets, glittering theatres: he thirstily quaffs putrid slime, calling it vintage champagne, and bolts unmentionable refuse as terrapin and canvas-back. He is happy—damned happy. His body is distorted into the semblance of horrible monstrosity,

but he looks in the obliging mirrors of tophet and sees it as the most shapely and dignified of tailor-made models of fashion; he beholds what answers for his countenance, which is a decayed surface of amorphous and lifeless bone, and finds it to be the handsomest and most winning of manly visages. He goes out for an afternoon stroll, commits a few murders and rapes, and comes back refreshed and in buoyant spirits. He has been downtown on business, and has made some good deals—that is all. Meanwhile, as Browning's Pippa observes, "God's in His heaven": but He is too merciful to obtrude the fact upon the devil's consciousness.

Without wishing to appear discourteous to modern civilization, which, after all, is not all hell any more than it is heaven, there does seem to be an analogy here. It is conceded that we are all in search of life, liberty and happiness. Any one is free to say, and even to believe, that he finds them in civilized life, if he chooses. But the fact remains that the natives of Brazil are happy, and know not New York, Chicago, or London. They don't wear clothes, they don't eat late suppers, they have no politics, they sleep sound, and their dreams are not disturbed by feverish and selfish ambitions. They are beautiful, innocent and harmless. They are not like animals, either, but are full men and women, with intelligent minds and human hearts and souls. They know not virtue, but are good because they like to be so; their felicity is not obstructed, but augmented, by promoting the felicity of others. They are not dissimulators; what they think they say; what they feel is visible in their faces; what they need is given them—for they need only what nature suggests and provides. They are companions of the blue sky, the sun and stars, the mighty trees, the flowers and fruits. Their lives are not empty and barren, but replete with interest and knowledge. The law of love is their only law; it has developed all their faculties, so that although they are utterly ignorant of our science, yet in brain and faculty they are our equals, and in all that makes life delightful they are our superiors. What more do you want than that? You work all your existence to make money; first in order not to starve; then, to provide a house to live in and clothes to wear; then, to make a better appearance than your neighbor; then, to exercise dominion over less successful fellow-creatures; and after you have attained all these ambitions, you are just where you were at the beginning, except that, having all, you can no longer look forward to anything. The most miserable of men is the man who has got (for himself) all that he set out to get; or he would be, did not the struggle deaden him so far that he becomes incapable of realizing his own wretched plight, and still hoodwinks himself, like our friend the devil, with the idea that what is not is. Now, go to the cafe of the Astoria, if the Waldorf is not good enough for you, and order a cocktail, and, as you drink it, and smoke a Turkish cigarette, and see the stars of fashion sauntering and sitting round about, reflect that if you please you may, about the first of the New Year, be in the region of Brazil where these Adams and Eves dwell, and may dwell even as they do for the rest of your life. Are you man enough to do it? Not you! moreover, you at once remark that you would not be a man, were you capable of being so false to the obligations which life imposes upon civilized humanity. Noblesse oblige. Life, no doubt, is not all roses, you sigh; but is it not worthier to fight through fifty years of Europe than to wallow in the sloth of a cycle of Cathay? The welfare of mankind demands that we should work and weep; destiny leads us onward ever; we are true soldiers, and must not shrink from the sacrifices that posterity requires of us. In the midst of these lofty reflections, a friend catches sight of you, and lounges up; you order more cocktail, more cigarettes; you arrange to dine together; you discuss an operation on the Street; you express your views of the physical merit of Anna Held; you laugh at Martin Thorn's literary activity; you are hopeful that the coming war in Europe will enliven the markets of New York and the West; you are philosophical over the statistics of suicide; you admire the set of your friend's coat; you denounce the Dingley tariff in its relation to London tailors. There is to be a good sparring match at the Athletic club to-night; but your friend has a date which will prevent him from attending the exhibition; you give him an arch glance and wish him joy. No, there is nothing like civilized life: nothing to compare with its aims, its achievements, its noble fervor, its renunciations, its rewards. As for the new Garden of Eden in Brazil—well, what is the matter with getting up a syndicate, and working it for all there is in it? Somebody will be sure to do it, if you don't; Central America is in a fair way to be developed already; and if there be really a promising terra incognita further south, it will be first come, first served. What do you say?

MARRIAGE  
BY  
LEGISLATION.

I think Mrs. Smith is the name of the benevolent lady who wishes to have laws passed making marriage incumbent on all bachelors, under pain of severe penalties if they decline. Mrs. Smith is at all events a good name for the purpose; there are more husbands of Mrs. Smith than of anybody else. It has always happened in history that when the world has evinced an uncontrollable tendency to tip in a certain direction, a number of prophets arise who insist upon setting their shoulders to make it go just the other way. Mrs. Partington, who trundled her mop to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean, is the type of this large and active class of reformers, who wish to reform backward. There are comparative degrees of blindness; everybody is blind more or less; but there are two kinds of leaders; those who see a little better than the others, and those who see less than any one else. Mrs. Smith, in this connection, belongs to the latter class. Let it be clearly understood that no one can be less in favor of the abolition of marriage than I am; so far, Mrs. Smith and I are in the most cordial accord. Marriage has always seemed to me the most natural, desirable, expedient and inevitable of all possible human relations. We see it typified everywhere in nature, and in mind. But then I am talking of marriage, and Mrs. Smith is talking of what is currently called marriage; and nothing could be more different than are these two things. What is called marriage is the cause of most of our existing troubles—of infidelity,



divorce, domestic misery, lying, forgery, murder, suicide, and other annoyances. Marriage, so called, is the putting together of two creatures who belong apart, and then forcing them to stay put, under pain of punishment to which no person is prepared to submit, if he or she can help it. But on the other hand, men and women are full of natural impulses; they are not only full of them, they are made of them; they must either satisfy them or die. This death may not always take the form of absolute separation of soul from body; but if not that, it assumes a still more painful and objectionable form; that of death and life. Laws are of two kinds—natural and artificial. We all are glad to obey natural laws, because they are inherent in our human constitution; we are not all disposed to obey artificial laws, because they commonly put us under some restraint. Nevertheless some of them are wholesome and necessary, in view of our imperfect state; they aim to inhibit our freedom to do harm to our neighbor, in our too great eagerness to do good to ourselves. Good citizens are not incommenced by such laws; they are not averse from the laws against robbery and murder, for example, because they do not want to steal or kill. In a word, laws against selfishness are uniformly accepted as good, both because they are essential to the integrity of society, and because they are perceived to be counterparts of a natural law, which makes real happiness conditional upon a reasonable altruism. Now, as regards marriage, there is and has always been a natural law in favor of it, and we all obey this law as far as we can, without forfeiting the comforts and privileges which render life in society possible or tolerable. But there is at present no artificial law making the thing we call marriage obligatory; no act to that effect is to be found on the statute books. But there is an unwritten law for such so-called marriage; it is the offspring of social custom and opinion; it presents strong inducements to get "married" to young men and women at the outset of their lives; it offers to them, in reward for compliance, various good things which otherwise they could not so completely enjoy. Society does this out of regard for its own existence, which, without some sort of union between men and women, would have to stop short. Society, of course, has no objection to real marriage; but between real marriage and legalized cohabitation it has no line to draw. And since, in our present conditions, real marriage must always be an accident and generally a miracle, it follows that legal cohabitation is found ten thousand times in society where real marriage is found once. So much is this the case that most people nowadays deny that there can be any real marriage, in the sense here meant—that is, marriage between two certain persons, to the exclusion of any other possible partners in the world, past, present, or to come. That this denial is unphilosophic is plain from the admitted fact that no two individuals are or can be alike; therefore there must be one woman who will suit a given man better than any other, and vice versa.

This state of things is bad enough, as the present aspect of social matters shows; but Mrs. Smith is still not satisfied; she wishes to re-enforce the unwritten law with a written one, and absolutely compel our young men and women to break the Eighth Commandment. For adultery is living with another man's wife; and if you are not married to your true partner you must have married the partner of some other man. And as one crime leads to another, it generally happens that, being thus mismated, you make experiments toward remedying the trouble, and get into worse.

Of course, the excellent Mrs. Smith can do no more than show a tendency; the law which she advocates can never be passed; not because it is contrary to the law of nature, for that would be no obstacle; but because it is not required by society. But what a tendency it is! The Mrs. Smiths of the world have so utterly ceased to know what real marriage is, that they are drawn to the conclusion that it is the mere living together, after the observance of certain civil or so-called religious ceremonies, of any man and any woman. They imagine, in their destitution of common-sense and observation, that will obliterate adultery; as if that sin were the exclusive property of unmarried persons. The only effect would be, to make adultery more nearly universal than it is now; and to bring such a pressure on the divorce courts as would soon place them a century in arrears. Divorce is an evil; but it is an evil in the right direction, so to say; it shows a desire to avoid crime. It is an attempt to escape the final condemnation of society, while yet securing some of the rights of the individual. It is not a noble thing; but there are alternatives more ignoble. In practice it may often lead us out of the frying-pan into the fire; but at least it shows dissatisfaction with the frying-pan. It may be abused by profligate persons, but that is not justification for abolishing it. Society has brought this mischief on itself, and has no right to complain of the consequences.

And what shall we do in order to insure true marriage? That is a question which everybody has a right to ask, and to which no one can give a satisfactory answer. Who can tell how to bring the one right man in contact with the one right woman for him? There must be, to begin with, faith that such true partners exist, and are accessible. Then there must be such a clarifying of the spiritual sight—such a development of insight or intuition—as to enable them to recognize each other when they meet. These requirements involve an immense purification and elevation of the general state and tone of society. The process must be a long and gradual one. Every good thing will help toward it; every evil thing will retard it. We cannot attack the problem directly. To solve it will be the immediate precedent of the Millennium—the final flower of the life of mankind. Meanwhile let us hope that Mr. Smith is—or are—a good husband, and that Mrs. Smith will never be punished by comprehending what the success of her crusade would mean.

#### THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT.

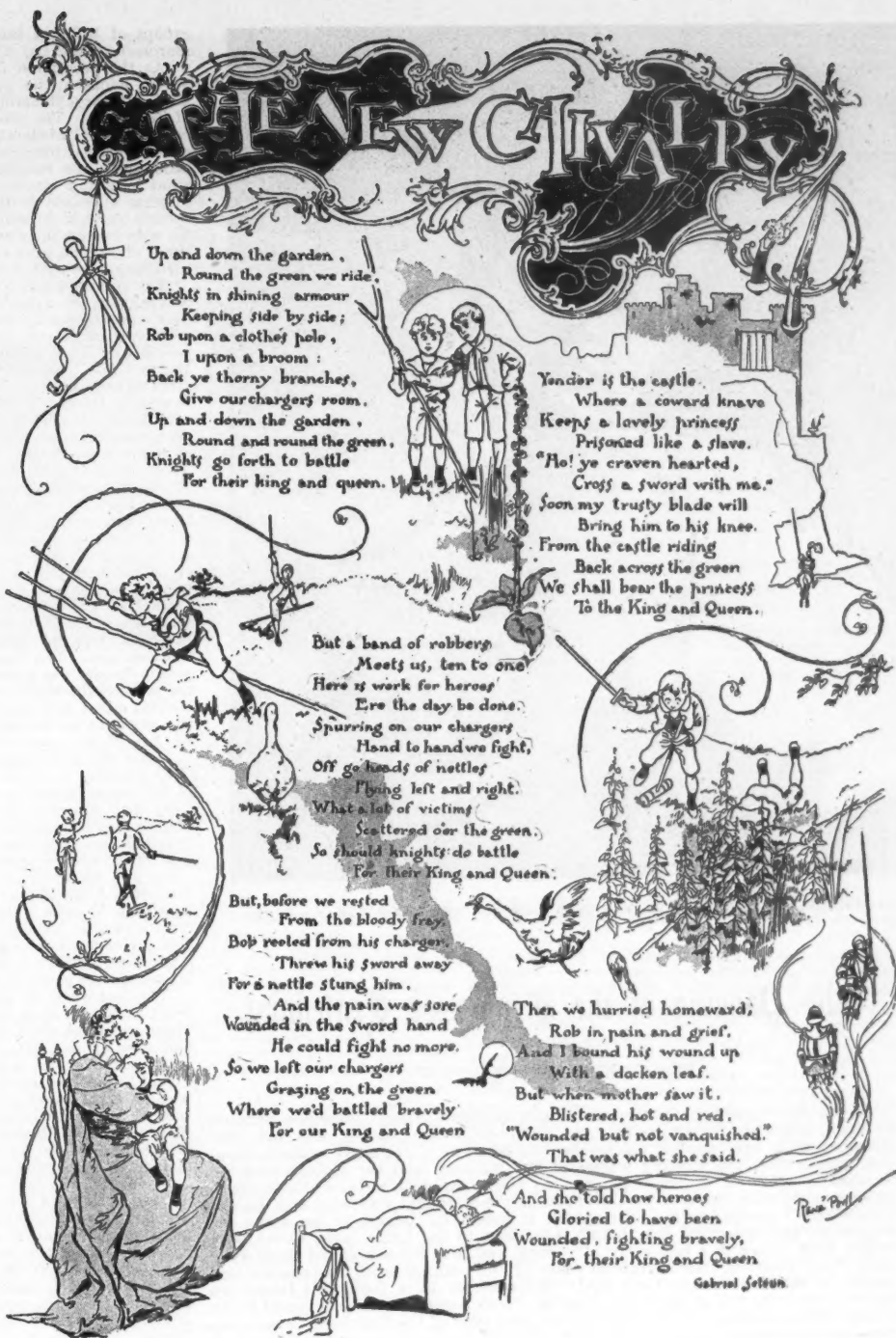
I have not succeeded in understanding what the true inwardness of the disturbances in this body is; but it has become important to us owing to the alleged mixing up therein of our favorite American humorist. He was present, say the reports, and he got a swift push in the face, or something

of that kind. Everything is grist that comes to Mark Twain's mill, and doubtless even this mill will result in further happiness to his vast audience. We have lately had opportunity to sympathize with him in his difficulties with the German language; and as he is a very conscientious man, it is evident that he must have attended the meeting of the Austrian legislature in the hope of familiarizing himself with their speech. But the reports mention that the fight occurred over some quarrel about language among the legislators themselves; so of course Mark must have been disappointed in the hope that led him among them, and probably knows less about the German tongue than he did before. He is certainly justified in desiring to reform it, since this explosion makes it plain that its present unreformed character has awakened evil passions in the very people who speak it. But we trust that, for his own sake, he will now give up further effort in this direction, and relinquish the philological department of humor to less valuable hands.

Turning to the less significant side of the subject, it is curious how the general unsettledness of Europe rushes to expression. The ostensible cause of the row in the Austrian Parliament, whatever it may have been, was not the real one. We may compare the situation over there to the conditions which produce seismic disturbances. The only reason why eruptions occur in one place rather than in another is, that the crust was thinner there, or more pressure happened to be exerted at that particular point than at others. You cannot cure earthquakes or volcanoes by investigating the geologic conditions at the place where they occur; but only by removing the underlying molten matter, and the forces which drive it into action. And you cannot calm the Austrian Parliament by remedying the particular trumpety abuses which have exploded there; but only by relieving Europe at large of the political and social evils which have been steadily accumulating for a thousand years past. The pressure announces itself in a hundred different ways, but all of them mean the same thing. It is the irrepressible revolt of man against its oppressors, human and statutory. It

is the inevitable approach of the universal republic. Sometimes it wears the guise of a strike, sometimes of an epidemic of suicides, sometimes of a war between two or more of the nations, sometimes of a financial panic. The wise men get together and stop up the holes, and the thing breaks forth in another spot. More and more distinctly every day and year we perceive that good and evil are definitely arraying themselves against each other, and that the Battle of Armageddon must come: it is no idle myth of ecclesiastical dogma. This is the hour of compromises and makeshifts; but it is the eleventh hour: the crash cannot be much longer delayed. It must be admitted, meanwhile, that we are not acting up to our responsibilities in the premises. We are not showing the world a very admirable example. So far as the great questions have come up for settlement here, we have either evaded them, or yielded explicitly to the enemy. We have not freed Cuba, or downed Tammany, or eradicated poverty. We have done nothing to make Liberty rejoice, or Justice exult. No act or word of ours has lately sent a thrill of hope through the pulses of slaves, or made men feel that mankind was growing greater and better. We have not put our reins in the hands of the right charioteer. A well-meaning but timid person has hold of them, and his chief anxiety seems to be to turn out of the way of other vehicles, and so avoid collisions. Not that we want the coachman to monopolize the whole road; all we ask is that he keeps to the right, and makes those give way who are trespassing thereon. It seems not impossible, therefore, that the true American spirit may avouch itself abroad before it does here, and that we may undergo the humiliation of having to learn from Europe the true way to create and conduct a republic. Newspapers sell editions by appealing to public spirit; but the public spirit seems to exhaust itself in buying the newspapers. However, Dr. Parkhurst has returned from abroad, apparently with a renewed stock of ginger; so we may expect that all these troubles will come to a speedy end. Let us see what he will do with Van Wyck.

(Continued on page 22.)







TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.—MRS. VAN LEER KIRKMAN, PRESIDENT WOMAN'S BOARD

## The Passing of the Tennessee Centennial.

BY HARRIET RICHARDSON DONAGHE.

If the Revolutionary fighters and sturdy pioneers whom Tennessee delights to honor—Generals Sevier, Shelby, and Campbell, Davy Crockett and old Sam Houston—could have stood in the low-browed doorway of the early settlers' cabin, and, gazing over the winding waters of the Watauga and the Holston and the undulating fields of native blue grass to the misty highlands of Cumberland beyond, could have conjured up the vision of the State that was to be, and the fair "white city" destined to rise in majestic, if ephemeral, beauty to honor the one hundredth anniversary of that State's admission to the Union, they would have united their voices in a battle cry of victory, and, like Simeon of old, have sung their *Nunc Dimittis* with a grateful sense of the realization of the purposes and ideals for which they lived and died. The spirit of Dave Crockett's time-worn maxim, "Be sure you're right and then go ahead," seems to have survived in the energy, determination and foresight of the promoters of the Tennessee Centennial; for these progressive men first made sure of their resources, material and financial, of the co-operation of the government and of their sister cities and States, and then "went ahead" with a resolution to achieve the most notable State fair ever held in this country, to challenge comparison with similar international events, and to throw open the doors of their patriotic exposition free from the crippling incubus of debt. How far they have succeeded in this courageous resolve has been the theme of many a eulogistic article appearing in the press from one end of the country to the other; but there still remains to be told the story of the last days, which are the best days in the history of the Nashville Centennial, and of the honor paid where honor was due, to the executive of the Exhibition Board. In the closing week of the Centennial, a day was set apart as "Thomas Day," to be the occasion of a great demonstration, on the part of the citizens of Nashville, of the gratitude felt toward Major John W. Thomas, president of the Centennial Exposition, for the success so largely due to his executive ability and public spirit. This tribute was signalized by a gigantic parade, and by an attendance of eighty-five thousand people on the Exhibition grounds. At an early hour the streets of Nashville were alive with the holiday throng, the colored population forming

groups of brilliant hues on the street corners, and the military bands, as they marched to and fro, filling the air with inspiring music.

As the procession formed under the command, as Chief Marshal, of General W. H. Jackson, the popular owner of Belle Meade, first in line came the Fifth U. S. Infantry, General Miles's old regiment, followed by the militia of the State of Tennessee. The position of special escort to President Thomas was filled by a company of Confederate veterans, whose grizzled beards and worn gray uniforms gave a pathetic touch to the universal gayety of the scene, and when from the band broke forth the familiar strains of "Dixie," the cheering of the crowd showed in what love and esteem these veterans of a lost cause are held. Major and Mrs. Thomas appeared in the first horseless carriage ever seen in Nashville streets, a vehicle brave in American Beauties and red ribbons, from which the president and his wife bowed their acknowledgments, the latter looking very charming in a costume of French gray cloth and blue velvet with out steel ornaments, and a hat of turquoise blue with white plumes.

The mounted police ushered in the next division, headed by a float emblematic of Progress, the entire scheme of decoration being carried out in white, even to the four white horses by which it was drawn. This was followed by the procession of decorated carriages, comprising many handsome private vehicles embowered in yellow and white chrysanthemums, American Beauties, and Marechal Niel roses, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Murphy drove an effective trap, adorned with crimson satin ribbons and silk flags, while Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, the president of the Woman's Board, charmingly attired in purple velvet, attracted much attention in her violet-trimmed victoria, drawn by her famous blooded team. The Transportation division was many hundred strong, and showed an ingenious array of floats representing engines, box-cars and a plantation scene on the Suwannee River, where the darkies sang and danced under the palmetto at the cabin door. This section of the parade was closed by a model of the "Kansas City," a steamship of the Savannah line, which was a perfect miniature of an ocean greyhound. A large visiting delegation from Atlanta and a series of allegorical floats were preceded by the Order of Red Men, whose habiliments would have astounded any savage, but whose demeanor was decorum itself in comparison with that of some eight hundred jolly college men, whose warwhoops would have done credit to a tribe of braves, and who were marshaled by Captain W. R. Garrett and his stalwart aides, Dr. S. S. Crockett and other professors in the universities of the State. The fire laddies made a goodly show, as well as two hundred and fifty newsboys, resplendent in red jackets; and after these came a representation of Nashville's business men. The Cotton float, done in pure white and displaying huge bales with golden bands, was presided over by maidens in snowy drapery and formed one of the picturesque sights of the procession, while one enterprising firm named Kuhn elicited much applause by a wagon on which "coons" of both varieties were sporting, much to the delight of that portion of the populace who had reserved seats on the top of the nearest fence rail.

After the enthusiasm aroused by the parade had subsided, the excitements of "Thomas Day" were by no means over; for were there not still the thrilling scenes of the sham battle, in which participated the favorite Third U. S. Cavalry, whose daily drill afforded the people so much entertainment; the pony races, and the bicycle race between the largest bicycle rider in the world, who tips the scales at five hundred and sixty-five pounds, and one of the smallest wheelmen, whose avoirdupois is thirty-five pounds only? And when these amusements were exhausted, there yet remained the reception given by the Centennial's chief executive, the concert and ball in the Auditorium, and the numerous attractions of "Vanity Fair," where the Moorish Palace, the Chinese Theatre, the "couchee-couchee," the Southern Plantation, and all the well-known shows of the "Midway," held the weary but still jovial throng. Finally, as night settled down, a parting salute was given, in a gorgeous display of fireworks, to President Thomas, whose features, and those of his wife, were penciled in lines of light on the dark background of the sky.

The last week of the Exhibition was also made interesting by a gathering of many notable women in the National Council of the Women of the United States. These meetings, held in the Woman's Building, were presided over with dignity and ease by the Rev. Anna Shaw, whose sonorous voice and expressive countenance make her as a speaker almost without a peer among her sister reformers. "Aunt Susan" Anthony benignantly beamed over this assemblage of her followers, who are glad to sit at her feet and learn wisdom from her years of experience. One of the more recent recruits to the ranks was the Countess di Brazza, who enthusiastically pleaded the cause of her Peace Union and wore the colors—purple, yellow and white—of the new symbolical flag of peace whose emblems she explained to the audience.

If one longs to turn aside for a time from congresses and exhibits, from the works of man to those of nature, what more delightful excursion is there than the one to be taken from Nashville to "Belle Meade," typical example of the old Southern mansion and home of some of Tennessee's most famous winners on the turf! As we rolled along the smooth turnpike, in a luxurious rubber-tired vehicle, one brilliant October afternoon, the sense of *bien-être* was re-enforced by the impression of the comfort and dignity of the fine old homesteads, approached by avenues of ancestral trees, the poetic charm of the fruitful autumnal landscape, the promise of the gathered harvest and the distant suggestion of the far-reaching hills. "Belle Meade," an estate of five hundred acres, and the residence of General W. H. Jackson, is chiefly known outside of Tennessee as the stock farm where are bred the noted blooded horses in which Richard Croker, until the recently reported sale, owned a half-interest. The beautiful deer-park, however, where the deer and dappled fawns rise at a carriage's approach from the russet leaves and bracken, and then bound away under the grand old oaks, affords a sight seldom seen in its perfection beyond the confines of Old England. The chief interest, of course, centers in the famous stud, and the colored groom is proud to show off the thoroughbreds, and even admits a favored visitor to the stalls. Iroquois, noble old Derby winner, is one of his favorite themes, as he tells how "when he done win de Darby, dey wouldn't b'ieve over dar dat he's only a two-year-ole—dey said he suttinly must be a three-year-ole, sho 'nuff. He done cost de ole marse thirty-to' thousand dollars, but he fatches him eighty-five thousand eb'ry yeah and his colts is hard to beat!"

In neatly labeled stalls, each with its paddock, may be seen Tithonus, latest addition to Belle Meade stables; Longstreet, Luke Blackburn, and Clarendon, whose nickel-plated shoes, worn in his first victorious race, are preserved in a glass case on the wall above the crib, near which hangs a clock whose constant ticking is neces-

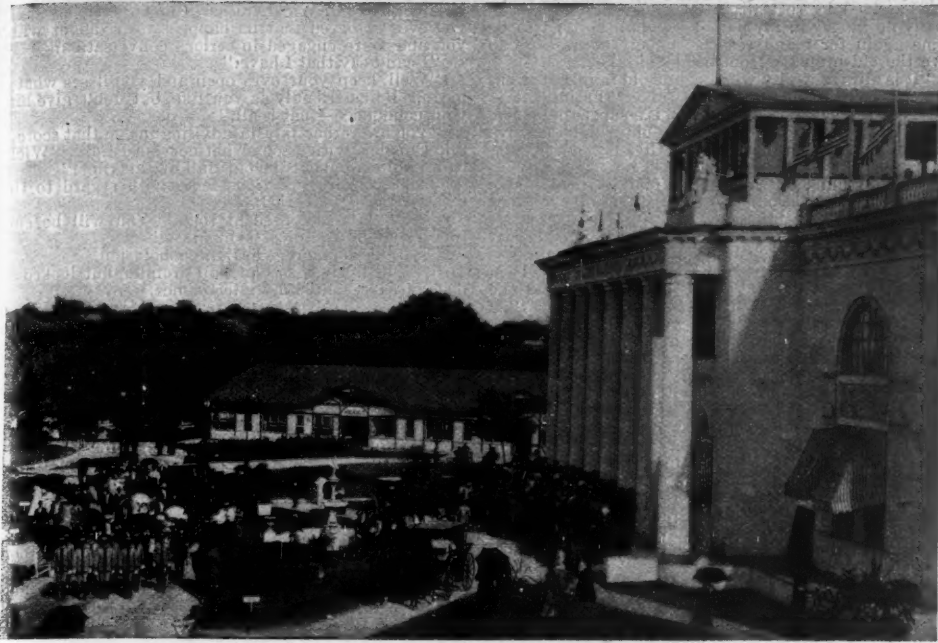


TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.—VIEW OF GROUNDS.



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING.





TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.—WOMAN'S BUILDING.

sary to soothe the nerves of this sensitively organized, up-to-date horse. Tremont, untamed black beauty, charges around his stall in a fury at having to receive visitors and refuses to be calmed by the well-known touch of his groom, who declares "He know he's mighty mean—he just as lief nip me as anybody." Passing by the monument to Enquirer, the only racehorse known to have a tombstone erected in his memory, we see old "Uncle Bob," long the autocrat of these stables, sunning himself in his cabin door, his work ended. His successor remarks, with unconscious pathos, "Yaas, dere's Uncl' Bob—he done got through!"

The glory of the departing year gilds with rather a melancholy reflection the walls of the second "white city," now rising in proud purity, but after its short supremacy soon to be left to the bats and the owls, the latter doubtless finding a congenial habitation under the eaves of the Parthenon, or whirling in dizzy circles about the helmet of the colossal Athene, who, like the Pallas of Phidias, guards with her aegis the approach to her temple and stretches her arm protectingly over the "Athens of the South."

Pre-eminent among the successes of the Exhibition is the admirable art collection enshrined within the Parthenon walls, and no little credit is due to this committee, who have succeeded in gathering from many sources at home and abroad, from galleries public and private, and from individual artists, an assemblage of works which represent the masters in art both of the past and of the present. The loan collection brings together magnificent portraits of the English school by Romney and Sir Thomas Lawrence, Chicago sends a masterly Dupré (from the Art Institute), and characteristic and beautiful examples of Meissonnier, Mauve, Jules Breton, and many other pictures seen at the World's Fair, while the names of Rembrandt, Titian, Francia and other "old masters" are not wanting from the catalogue, and are represented by their schools if not their works. Our American artists have a creditable exhibit—pictures always worthy of note from Ochtman, R. Swain Gifford, Coffin, Alexander Harrison and Sergeant Kendall, whose "St. Yves, priez pour nous!" painted in a low key and portraying in cool, pure tones a despairing mother and serenely unconscious child sinking down by the shrine of the saint, is a picture which will touch a responsive chord in every heart. The moderns of the moderns are conspicuous in the paintings of the Swedish and Norwegian school, two of which, by Carl Johansen and by Svend Svendsen, received Honorable Mention. D. W. Tryon of New York took a first prize in oils, and in the department of water-color this was awarded to Snell, for his "Citadel of Quebec," his "Docking a Liner" having borne off previous honors.

In even a hasty visit to a gallery one soon finds one's favorite *entourage*, and I found mine in the little corner marked "Holland and Belgium." Here one is by turns enthralled by the sentiment and technique of Ouderaa or the realism of Cogen, captivated by the kittenish grace of Henriette Rouner or the refined handling of Therese Schwartze, bound by the spell of Mesdag's ocean or the vitality of Neuhuys' homely scenes, and finally surrenders to the poetry and pathos of Israel's dusky interiors, whose dim shadows grow luminous as one looks into them, and whose peasants' hearts, like those of the children in this "Fidelity," are beating with the life and bursting with the sorrows of their race. The popular prize, not unexpectedly, goes to J. G. Brown's "Heels over Head," a picture whose anecdotal quality strikes the public mind and whose street gamins, with their smug, sand-papered countenances, seem ever to appeal to the public heart. Before this picture the crowd surges and then passes on to indulge in rural criticism, such as this, overheard before a picture of some nymphs emerging from the bath: "Do you know, sir, that picture was painted from livin' models; it was, for the painter told me so himself; and a mighty fine picture it is, when you think of the trouble it must have been to do that background alone, to say nothin' of the figgers!" Old memories are roused and loyalty touched by the virile bust of Sam Davis, the Confederate Major André, who chose death rather than betray the sources of his dangerous information, and suffered the fate of a spy.

and battered canteens and the riddled battle-flag made of a white silk wedding-gown! The case containing the ragged coat of poor Sam Davis, and that displaying the brocade worn by the wife of Minister Pinckney at the Court of St. James, are alike venerated by the reverential throng.

The women have done much in the History Building, but in the Woman's Building they have done more and achieved a success which marks another step in the progress of woman toward an ever higher goal. This spacious and hospitable Woman's Building—which embodies the colonnade and other features of the "Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's home—invites one to enter by its lofty portico and ample hall, the latter illuminated by the soft tones of a Tiffany stained glass window, which commands the broad stairway, mounting on either side. No place of resort, in these end-of-the-century days, is complete without its roof-garden, which must be the *raison d'être* of the remarkable pillared structure surmounting this otherwise symmetrical colonial edifice, and looking as if it had been dropped by some traveling show. On entering one is welcomed in soft Southern accents by the highpriestess of the Georgia room, who explains in a voice of music that this apartment, designed to be a typical studio, was arranged by Mrs. J. Wells Champney of New York. Among the Delf plates, Italian carvings, Oriental hangings and many antique curios of this reception-room is a very modern work of art, the latest production of the skilled handiwork of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who, on a portiere of cloth of gold, has evolved a design of swirling waters and iridescent fishes, said by an artist of repute to be the most Japanese thing ever made outside of Japan. The Chicago room shows a cool, green-toned interior, and Chattanooga affords an attractive resting-place, with all sorts of odd lounging-chairs and cozy corners and ingle-nooks, while New York has furnished a gorgeous and artistic apartment, aglow with golden yellow and subdued lights shining through the radiance of stained glass.

Chicago has also done a graceful thing in repeating, in reduced size, at this sister Exposition, the noble Administration Building, gilded dome and all, of the World's Fair. The United States Government, I am glad to state, did not see fit to reproduce its distinguished landmark, perpetrated at Chicago in 1893, but has contributed a dignified and satisfactory structure, in which are arranged the interesting ethnological, industrial, military and other governmental collections, together with the fisheries exhibit, charmingly arranged, like the Aquarium at Naples, in a pseudo-grotto, with the light filtering through the glass tanks and striking the gleaming sides of the gold and purple fish.

The history of World's Fairs repeats itself in the pavilions of Commerce and Agriculture, of Machinery and Transportation, or of Horticulture and Forestry. In the one, we have exquisite examples of the applied arts (notably, in this Exhibition, in the majolicas of Florence, and the terra-cottas and porcelains of Copenhagen), in another, repetitions of the wonderful arabesques and friezes wrought out of cotton and corn and tobacco, or the ingenious representations in grain of farmyard scenes. But, after all, in these Expositions, it is the effect of the great pleasure-ground as a whole that makes the deepest impression—the vision of the white palaces mirrored in waters which are spanned by the Rialto, and ruffled by the track of the gondola, as it speeds along to the cry of the foreign boatman, the abandon to jollity and music and holiday which warms the cockles of the heart and lifts the burden of care. Who can withstand the spell cast by one of these enchanted cities at evening, when every turret and dome is outlined in fairy light, when the water is dancing with myriad sparkles, and, suddenly, from the enveloping blackness around, gleam shafts and sunbursts and rainbows of light, the heavens rain down not only showers of pearls, but of diamonds and multi-colored gems, the calm surface of the lake reflects the magic fires illumining its borders, the walls of the silver city glow like Aladdin's palace, and so, while the magician waves his wand and the illusion lasts, Good-night!



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.—THE PARTHENON.



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## HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

(Continued from page 19.)

### A LITERARY REVIEW.

An attempt has lately been made, and is in fact now making, to establish here a journal of pure literary criticism. It is backed by the London "Times," and is therefore sure of being thoroughly tried; for the "Times" has a way of sticking to a thing which is not characteristic of all supporters of enterprises in this country or elsewhere. I have read one or two numbers of this periodical, and have come to the conclusion that it will be a more or less expensive failure. At any rate, if it keeps along on its present lines, its audience will be certainly few, however fit. It is written in correct English, and its opinions are such as all well-disposed persons must agree with. But it tells us nothing new, either in fact or in criticism; it does not stimulate; in short, it does not make us long for the next copy. A paper of this sort, to be successful, must depend upon individual genius. St. Beuve could make such a paper pay, because he knew how to write what other people cared to read. Whether what he wrote were sound criticism or not made very little difference; he had genius, and he said things in a way that won your attention and regard. Nobody expects anybody to be always or even generally right; what he must be is, interesting and genuine, or at least fascinating. With all respect to the editors and contributors to "Literature," no St. Beuves have yet showed up in it; and the field is still open to enterprise.

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### PROVING AN ALIBI.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.

I FIRST met Arthur Cressley in the late spring of 1892. I had been spending the winter in Egypt and was returning to Liverpool. One calm evening about eleven o'clock, while we were still in the Mediterranean, I went on deck to smoke a final cigar before turning in. After pacing up and down for a time I leaned over the taffrail and began idly watching the tiny wavelets with their crests of white fire as they rippled away from the vessel's side. Presently I became aware of some one standing near me, and, turning, saw that it was one of my fellow-passengers, a young man whose name I knew but whose acquaintance I had not yet made. He was entered in the passenger list as Arthur Cressley, belonged to an old family in Derbyshire, and was returning home from Western Australia, where he had made a lot of money. I offered him a light, and, after a few preliminary remarks, we drifted into a desultory conversation. He told me that he had been in Australia for fifteen years, and, having done well, was now returning to settle in his native land.

"Then you do not intend going out again?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I would not go through the last fifteen years for double the money I have made."

"I suppose you will make London your headquarters?"

"Not altogether; but I shall have to spend a good deal of time there. My wish is for a quiet country life, and I intend to take over the old family property. We have a place called Cressley Hall in Derbyshire, which has belonged to us for centuries. It would be a sort of white elephant, for it has fallen into pitiable decay; but luckily I am now in a position to restore it and set it going again in renewed prosperity."

"You are a fortunate man," I answered.

"Perhaps I am," he replied. "Yes, as far as the world's goods go, I suppose I am lucky, considering

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORMAN, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

that I arrived in Australia fifteen years ago with practically no money in my pocket. I shall be glad to be home again for many reasons, chiefly because I can save the old property from being sold."

"It is always a pity when a fine old family seat has to go to the hammer for want of funds," I remarked.

"That is true, and Cressley Hall is a superb old place. There is only one drawback to it—but I don't believe there is anything in that," added Cressley in a musing tone.

Knowing him so little I did not feel justified in asking for an explanation. I waited, therefore, without speaking. He soon proceeded.

"I suppose I am rather foolish about it," he continued, "but if I am superstitious I have abundant reason. For more than a century and a half there has been a strange fatality about any Cressley occupying the Hall. This fatality was first exhibited in 1700, when Barrington Cressley, one of the most abandoned libertines of that time, led his infamous orgies there—of these even history takes note. There are endless legends as to their nature, one of which is that he had personal dealings with the devil in the large turret room, the principal bedroom at the Hall, and was found dead there on the following morning. Certainly since that date a curious doom has hung over the family, and this doom shows itself in a strange way, only attacking those victims who are so unfortunate as to sleep in the turret room. Gilbert Cressley, the young court favorite of George the Third, was found mysteriously murdered there, and my own great-grandfather paid the penalty by losing his reason within those gloomy walls."

"If the room has such an evil reputation I wonder that it is occupied," I replied.

"It happens to be far and away the best bedroom in the house, and people always laugh at that sort of thing until they are brought face to face with it. The owner of the property is not only born there, as a rule, but also breathes his last in the old four-poster, the most extraordinary, wonderful old bedstead you ever laid eyes on. Of course, I do not believe in any malevolent influences from the unseen world, but the record of disastrous coincidences in that one room is, to say the least of it, curious. Not that this sort of thing will deter me from going into possession, and I intend to put a lot of money into Cressley Hall."

"Has no one been occupying it lately?" I asked.

"Not recently. An old housekeeper has had charge of the place for the last few years. The agent had orders to sell the Hall long ago, but though it has been in the market for a long time I do not believe there was a single offer. Just before I left Australia I wired to Murdock, my agent, that I intended taking over the place and authorized its withdrawal from the market."

"Have you no relations?" I inquired.

"None at all. Since I have been away my only brother died. It is curious to call it going home when one has no relatives and only friends who have probably forgotten one."

I could not help feeling sorry for Cressley, as he described the lonely outlook. Of course, with heaps of money and an old family place he would soon make new friends; but he looked the sort of chap who might be imposed upon, and although he was as nice a fellow as I had ever met, I could not help coming to the conclusion that he was not specially strong, either mentally or physically. He was essentially good-looking, however, and had the indescribable bearing of a man of old family. I wondered how he had managed to make his money. What he told me about his old Hall also excited my interest, and as we talked I managed to allude to my own peculiar hobby, and the delight I took in such old legends.

As the voyage flew by our acquaintance grew apace, ripening into a warm friendship. Cressley told me much of his past life, and finally confided to me one of his real objects in returning to England.

While prospecting up country he had come across some rich veins of gold, and now his intention was to bring out a large syndicate in order to acquire the whole property, which he anticipated was worth at least a million. He spoke confidently of this great scheme, but always wound up by informing me that the money which he hoped to make was only of interest to him for the purpose of re-establishing Cressley Hall in its ancient splendor.

As he talked I noticed once or twice that a man stood near us who seemed to take an interest in our conversation. He was a thickly set individual, with a florid complexion and a broad German caste of face. He was an inveterate smoker, and when he stood near us with a pipe in his mouth the expression of his face was almost a blank; but, watching him closely, I saw a look in his eyes which betokened the shrewd man of business, and I could scarcely tell why, but I felt uncomfortable in his presence. This man, Wickham by name, managed to pick up an acquaintance with Cressley, and soon they spent a good deal of time together. They made a contrast as they paced up and down on deck, or played cards in the evening, the Englishman being slight and almost fragile in build, the German of the bulldog order with a manner at once curt and overbearing. I took a dislike to Wickham, and wondered what Cressley could see in him.

"Who is the fellow?" I asked on one occasion, linking my hand in Cressley's arm and drawing him aside as I spoke.

"Do you mean Wickham?" he answered. "I am sure I cannot tell you. I never met the chap before this voyage. He came on board at King George's Sound, where I also embarked, but he never spoke to me until we were in the Mediterranean. On the whole, Bell, I am inclined to like him; he seems to be down-right and honest. He knows a great deal about the bush, too, as he has spent several years there."

"And he gives you the benefit of his information?" I asked.

"I don't suppose he knows more than I do, and it is doubtful whether he has had so rough a time."

"Then in that case he picks your brains."

"What do you mean?" The young fellow looked at me with those clear gray eyes which were his most attractive feature.

"Nothing," I answered, "nothing; only if you will be guided by a man nearly double your age I would

take care to tell Wickham as little as possible. Have you ever observed that he happens to be about when you and I are engaged in serious conversation?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Well, keep your eyes open and you'll see what I mean. Be as friendly as you like, but don't give him your confidence—that is all."

"You are rather late in advising me on that score," said Cressley, with a somewhat nervous laugh. "Wickham knows all about the old Hall by this time."

"And your superstitious fears with regard to the turret room?" I queried.

"Well, I have hinted at them. You will be surprised, but he is full of sympathy."

"Tell him no more," I said in conclusion.

Cressley made a sort of half-promise, but looked as if he rather resented my interference.

A day or two later we reached Liverpool; I was engaged long ago to stay with some friends in the suburbs, and Cressley took up his abode at the Prince's Hotel. His property was some sixty miles away, and when we parted he insisted on my agreeing to come down and see his place as soon as he had put things a little straight.

I readily promised to do so, provided we could arrange a visit before my return to London.

Nearly a week went by and I saw nothing of Cressley; then on a certain morning he called to see me.

"How are you getting on?" I asked.

"Capitally," he replied. "I have been down to the Hall several times with my agent, Murdock, and though the place is in the most shocking condition, I shall soon put things in order. But what I have come specially to ask you now is whether you can get away to-day and come with me to the Hall for a couple of nights. I had arranged with the agent to go down this afternoon in his company, but he has been suddenly taken ill—he is rather bad, I believe, and cannot possibly come with me. He has ordered the housekeeper to get a couple of rooms ready, and though I am afraid it will be rather roughing it, I shall be awfully glad if you can come."

I had arranged to meet a man in London on special business that very evening and could not put him off, but my irresistible desire to see the old place from the description I had heard of it decided me to make an effort to fall in as well as I could with Cressley's plans.

"I wish I could go with you to-day," I said, "but that, as it happens, is out of the question. I must run up to town on some pressing business; but if you will allow me I can easily come back again to-morrow. Can you not put off your visit until to-morrow evening?"

"No, I am afraid I cannot do that; I have to meet several of the tenants and have made all arrangements to go by the five o'clock train this afternoon." He looked depressed at my refusal, and, after a moment, said thoughtfully: "I wish you could have come with me to-day. When Murdock could not come I thought of you at once; it would have made all the difference."

"I am sorry," I replied, "but I can promise faithfully to be with you to-morrow. I shall enjoy seeing your wonderful old Hall beyond anything, and, as to roughing it, I am used to that. You will not mind spending one night there by yourself?" He looked at me as if he were about to speak, but no words came from his lips. "What is the matter?" I said, giving him an earnest glance. "By the way, are you going to sleep in the turret room?"

"I am afraid there is no help for it—the housekeeper is certain to get it ready for me. The owner of the property always sleeps there, and it would look like a confession of weakness to ask to be put into another bedroom."

"Nevertheless, if you are nervous I should not mind that," I said.

"Oh, I don't know that I am absolutely nervous. Bell, but all the same I have a superstition. At the present moment I have the queerest sensation; I feel as if I ought not to pay this visit to the Hall."

"If you intend to live there by-and-by you must get over this sort of thing," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, I must; and I would not yield to it on any account whatever. I am sorry I even mentioned it to you. It is good of you to promise to come to-morrow, and I shall look forward to seeing you. By what train will you come?"

We looked up the local time-table, and I decided on a train which would leave Liverpool about five o'clock.

"The very one that I shall go down by to-day," said Cressley. "That's capital. I'll meet you with a conveyance of some sort and drive you over."

"By the way," I said, "is there much the matter with your agent?"

"I cannot tell you, he seems bad enough. I went up to his house this morning and saw the wife. It appears that he was suddenly taken ill with a sort of asthmatic attack, to which he is subject. While I was talking to Mrs. Murdock a messenger came down to say that her husband specially wished to see me, so we both went to his room, but he had dozed off into a queer restless sleep before we arrived. The wife said he must not be awakened on any account, but I caught a glimpse of him, and he certainly looked bad, and was moaning as if in a good deal of pain. She gave me the keys of a bureau in his room, and I took out some estimates, and left a note for him, telling him to come on as soon as he was well enough."

"And your visit to his room never roused him?" I said.

"No, although both Mrs. Murdock and I made a pretty good bit of noise, moving about and opening and shutting drawers. His moans were quite heart-rending; he was evidently in considerable pain, and I was glad to get away, as that sort of thing always upsets me."

"Who is this Murdock?" I asked.

"Oh, the man who has looked after the place for years. I was referred to him by my solicitors. He seems a most capable person, and I hope to goodness he won't be ill long. If he is I shall find myself in rather a fix."

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I made no reply to this, and soon afterward Cressley shook hands with me and departed on his way. I went to my room, packed my belongings, and took the next train to town. The business which I had to get through occupied the whole of that evening and also some hours of the following day. I found I was not able to start for Liverpool before the 12.10 train at Euston, and should not, therefore, arrive at Lime Street before five o'clock, too late to catch the train for Brent, the nearest station to Cressley's place. Another train left Central station for Brent, however, at seven o'clock, and I determined to wire to Cressley to tell him to meet me by the latter train. This was the last train in the day, but there was no fear of my missing it.

I arrived at Lime Street almost to the moment, and drove straight to the Prince's Hotel, where I had left my bag the day before. Here a telegram awaited me; it was from Cressley and ran as follows:

"Hope this will reach you in time; if so, call at Murdock's house, No. 12, Melville Gardens. If possible see him and get the documents referred to in Schedule A; he will know what you mean. Most important. Cressley."

I glanced at the clock in the hall; it was now a quarter past five—my train would leave at seven. I had plenty of time to get something to eat and then go to Murdock's.

Having dispatched my telegram to Cressley, telling him to look out for me by the train which arrived at Brent at nine o'clock, I ordered a meal, ate it, and then, hailing a cab, gave the driver the number of Murdock's house. Melville Gardens was situated somewhat in the suburbs, and it was a twenty minutes' drive from my hotel. When we drew up at Murdock's door I told the cabman to wait, and, getting out, rang the bell. The servant who answered my summons told me that the agent was still very ill and could not be seen by any one. I then inquired for the wife. I was informed that she was out, but would be back soon. I looked at my watch. It was just six o'clock. I determined to wait and see Mrs. Murdock, if possible.

Having paid and dismissed my cab, I was shown into a small, untidy kept parlor, where I was left to my

own meditations. The weather was hot and the room close. I paced up and down restlessly. The minutes flew by, and Mrs. Murdock did not put in an appearance. I looked at my watch, which now pointed to twenty minutes past six. It would take me, in an ordinary cab, nearly twenty minutes to reach the station. In order to make all safe, I ought to leave Murdock's house in ten minutes from now at the latest.

I went and stood by the window, watching anxiously for Mrs. Murdock to put in an appearance. Melville Gardens was a somewhat lonely place, and few people passed the house, which was old and shabby; it had evidently not been done up for years. I was just turning round in order to ring the bell to leave a message with the servant, when the room door was opened and, to my astonishment, in walked Wickham, the man I had last seen on board the "Euphrates." He came up to me at once and held out his hand.

"No doubt you are surprised at seeing me here, Mr. Bell," he exclaimed.

"I certainly was for a moment," I answered; "but then," I added, "the world's a small place and one soon gets accustomed to acquaintances cropping up in all sorts of unlikely quarters."

"Why unlikely?" said Wickham. "Why should I not know Murdock, who happens, indeed, to be a very special and very old friend of mine? I might as well ask you why you are interested in him."

"Because I happen to be a friend of Arthur Cressley's," I answered, "and have come here on his business."

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"And so am I also a friend of Cressley's. He has asked me to go and see him at Cressley Hall some day, and I hope to avail myself of his invitation. The servant told me that you were waiting for Mrs. Murdock. Can I give her any message from you?"

"I want to see Murdock himself," I said after a pause. "Do you think that it is possible for me to have an interview with him?"

"I left him just now, and he was asleep," said Wickham. "He is still very ill, and I think the doctor is a little anxious about him. It would not do to disturb him on any account. Of course, if he happens to awake, he might be able to tell you what you want to know. By the way, has it anything to do with Cressley Hall?"

"Yes, I have just had a telegram from Cressley, and the message is somewhat important. You are quite sure that Murdock is asleep?"

(To be continued.)

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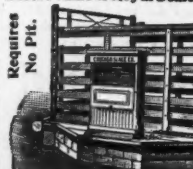
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## THE WHIRLPOOL.

By GEORGE GISSING.

### PART THE FIRST.

#### CHAPTER I.

HARVEY ROLFE was old enough to dine with deliberation, young and healthy enough to sauce with appetite the dishes he thoughtfully selected. You perceived in him the imperfect epicure. His club had no culinary fame; the dinner was merely tolerable; but Rolfe's unfinished palate flattered the second-rate cook. He knew nothing of vintages; it sufficed him to distinguish between Bordeaux and Burgundy; yet one saw him raise his glass and peer at the liquor with eye of connoisseur. All unaffectedly; for he was conscious of his shortcomings in the art of delicate living, and never vaunted his satisfactions. He had known the pasture of poverty, and the table as it is set by London landladies; to look back on these things was to congratulate himself that nowadays he dined.

Beyond the achievement of a vague personal distinction at the Metropolitan Club, he had done nothing to make himself a man of note, and it was doubtful whether more than two or three of the members really liked him or regarded him with genuine interest. His introduction to this circle he owed to an old friend, Hugh Carnaby, whose social position was much more clearly defined: Hugh Carnaby, the rambler, the sportsman, and now for a twelvemonth the son-in-law of Mrs. Ascott Larkfield. Through Carnaby people learned as much of his friend's history as it concerned any one to know: that Harvey Rolfe had begun with the study of medicine, had given it up in disgust, subsequently was "in business," and withdrew from it on inheriting a competency. They were natives of the same county, and learned their Latin together at the Grammar School of Greystone, the midland town which was misused by the steam highroad, and so preserves much of the beauty and tranquillity of days gone by. Rolfe seldom spoke of his own affairs, but in talking of travel he had been heard to mention that his father had engineered certain lines of foreign railway. It seemed that Harvey had no purpose in life, save that of enjoying himself. Obviously he read a good deal, and Carnaby credited him with profound historical knowledge; but he neither wrote nor threatened to do so. Something of cynicism appeared in his talk of public matters; politics amused him, and his social views lacked consistency, tending, however, to an indolent conservatism. Despite his convivial qualities, he had traits of the reserved, even of the unsocial, man: a slight awkwardness in bearing, a mute shyness with strangers, a hesitancy in ordinary talk, and occasional bluntness of assertion or contradiction, suggesting a contempt which possibly he did not intend. Hugh Carnaby declared that the true Rolfe only showed himself after a bottle of wine; main-tained, moreover, that Harvey had vastly improved since he entered upon a substantial income. When Rolfe was five-and-twenty, Hugh being two years younger, they met after a long separation, and found each other intolerable; a decade later their meeting led to hearty friendship. Rolfe had become independent, and was tasting his freedom in a twelvemonth's travel. The men came face to face one day on the deck of a steamer at Port Said. Physically, Rolfe had changed so much that the other had a difficulty in recognizing him; morally, the change was not less marked, as Carnaby very soon became aware. At thirty-seven this process of development was by no means arrested, but its slow and subtle working escaped observation—unless it were that of Harvey Rolfe himself.

His guest this evening, in a quiet corner of the dining-room where he generally sat, was a man, ten years his junior, named Morpew: slim, narrow, shouldered, with sandy hair, and pale, delicate features of more sensibility than intelligence; restless, vivacious, talking incessantly in a low, rapid voice, with frequent nervous laughs which threw back his drooping head. A difference of costume—Rolfe wore morning dress, Morpew the suit of ceremony—accentuated the younger man's advantage in natural and acquired graces; otherwise, they presented the contrast of character and insignificance. Rolfe had a shaven chin, a weathered complexion, thick brown hair; the penumbra of middle-age had touched his countenance, softening here and there a line which told of temperament in excess. At this moment his manner inclined to a bluff jocularly, due in some measure to the bottle of wine before him, as also was the tinge of color upon his cheek; he spoke briefly, but listened with smiling interest to his guest's continuous talk. This ran on the subject of the money market, with which the young man boasted some practical acquaintance.

"You don't speculate at all?" Morpew asked.

"Shouldn't know how to go about it," replied the other in his deeper note.

"It seems to me to be the simplest thing in the world if one is content with moderate profits. I'm going in for it seriously—cautiously—as a matter of business. I've studied the thing—got it up as I used to work at something for an exam. And here, you see, I've made five pounds at a stroke—five pounds! Suppose I make that every now and then, it's worth the trouble, you know—it mounts up. And I shall never stand to lose much. You see, it's Tripcony's interest that I should make profits."

"I'm not quite sure of that."

"Oh, but it is! Let me explain—"

These two had come to know each other under peculiar circumstances a year ago. Rolfe was at Brussels, staying—his custom when abroad—at a hotel unfrequented by English folk. One evening on his return from the theatre, he learned that a young man of his own nationality lay seriously ill in a room at the top of the house. Harvey, moved by compassion, visited the unfortunate Englishman, listened to his ravings, and played

the part of Good Samaritan. On recovery, the stranger made full disclosure of his position. Being at Brussels on a holiday, he had got into the company of gamblers, and after winning a large sum (ten thousand francs, he declared), had lost not only that, but all else that he possessed, including his jewelry. He had gambled deliberately; he wanted money, money, and saw no other way of obtaining it. In the expansive mood of convalescence, Cecil Morpew left no detail of his story unrevealed. He was of gentle birth, and had a private income of three hundred pounds, charged upon the estate of a distant relative; his profession (the bar) could not be remunerative for years and other prospects he had none. The misery of his situation lay in the fact that he was desperately in love with the daughter of people who looked upon him as little better than a pauper. The girl had pledged herself to him, but would not marry without her parents' consent, of which there was no hope till he had at least trebled his means. His choice of a profession was absurd, dictated merely by social opinion; he should have been working hard in a commercial office, or at some open-air pursuit. Naturally he turned again to the thought of gambling, this time the great legalized game of hazard, wherein he was as little likely to prosper as among the blacklegs of Brussels. Rolfe liked him for his ingenuousness, and for the vein of poetry in his nature. The love affair still went on, but Morpew seldom alluded to it, and his seasoned friend thought of it as a youthful ailment which would pass and be forgotten.

"I am convinced," said the young man presently, "that any one who really gives his mind to it can speculate with moderate success. Look at the big men—the brokers and the company promoters, and so on; I've met some of them, and there's nothing in them—nothing! Now, there's Bennet Frothingham. You know him, I think?"

Rolfe nodded.

"Well, what do you think of him? Isn't he a very ordinary fellow? How has he got such a position? I'm told he began just in a small way—by chance. No doubt he found it so easy to make money he was surprised at his success. Tripcony has told me a lot about him. Why, the 'Britannia' brings him fifteen thousand a year; and he must be in a score of other things."

"I know nothing about the figures," said Rolfe, "and I shouldn't put much faith in Tripcony; but Frothingham, you may be sure, isn't quite an ordinary man."

"Ah, well, of course there's a certain knack—and then, experience—"

Morpew emptied his glass, and refilled it. Nearly all the tables in the room were now occupied, and the general hum of talk gave security to intimate dialogue. Flushed and bright-eyed, the young man presently leaned forward.

"If I could count upon five hundred, she would take the step."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, that's settled. What do you think? Plenty of people live very well on less."

"You want my serious opinion?"

"If you can be serious."

"Then I think that the educated man who marries on less than a thousand is either mad or a criminal."

"Bosh! We won't talk about it."

They rose, and walked toward the smoking-room, Rolfe giving a nod here and there as he passed acquaintances. In the hall some one addressed him.

"How does Carnaby take this affair?"

"What affair?"

"Don't you know? Their house has been robbed—stripped. It's in the evening papers."

Rolfe went on into the smoking-room, and read the report of his friend's misfortune. The Carnabys occupied a house in Hamilton Terrace. During their absence from home last night, there had been a clean sweep of all such things of value as could easily be removed. The disappearance of their housekeeper, and the fact that this woman had contrived the absence of the servants from nine o'clock till midnight, left no mystery in the matter. The clubmen talked of it with amusement. Hard lines, to be sure, for Carnaby, and yet harder for his wife, who had lost no end of jewelry; but the thing was so neatly and completely done, one must needs laugh. One or two husbands who enjoyed the luxury of a housekeeper betrayed their uneasiness. A discussion arose on the characteristics of housekeepers in general, and spread over the vast subject of domestic management, not often debated at the Metropolitan Club. In general talk of this kind Rolfe never took part; smoking his pipe, he listened and laughed, and was at moments thoughtful. Cecil Morpew, rapidly consuming cigarettes as he lay back in a soft chair, pointed the moral of the story in favor of humble domesticity.

In half an hour, his guest having taken leave, Rolfe put on his overcoat, and stepped out into the cold, clammy November night. He was overtaken by a fellow Metropolitan—a grizzled, scraggy-throated, hollow-eyed man, who laid a tremulous hand upon his arm.

"Excuse me, Mr. Rolfe, have you seen Frothingham recently?"

"Not for a month."

"Ah! I thought perhaps—I was wondering what he thought about the Colebrook smash. To tell you the truth, I've heard unpleasant rumors. Do you—should you think the Colebrook affair would affect the Britannia in any way?"

It was not the first time that this man had confided his doubts and timidity to Harvey Rolfe; he had a small, but to him important, interest in Bennet Frothingham's wide-reaching affairs, and seemed to spend most of his time in eliciting opinion on the financier's ability.

"Wouldn't you be much more comfortable," said Rolfe, rather bluntly, "if you had your money in some other kind of security?"

"Ah, but, my dear sir, twelve and a half per cent—twelve and a half! I hold preference shares of the original issue."

"Then I'm afraid you must take your chance."

"But," piped the other in alarm, "you don't mean that—"

"I mean nothing, and know nothing. I'm the last man to consult about such things."

And Rolfe, with an abrupt "Good-night," beckoned

to a passing hansom. The address he gave was Hugh Carnaby's, in Hamilton Terrace.

Twice already the horse had slipped at slimy crossings, when, near the top of Regent Street, it fell full length, and the abrupt stoppage caused a collision of wheels with another hansom which was just passing at full speed in the same direction. Rolfe managed to alight in the ordinary way, and at once heard himself greeted by a familiar voice from the other cab. His acquaintance showed a pallid, drawn, all but cadaverous visage, with eyes which concealed pain or weariness under their friendly smile. Abbott was the man's name. Formerly a lecturer at a provincial college, he had resigned his post on marrying, and taken to journalism.

"I want to speak to you, Rolfe," he said hurriedly, "but I haven't a moment to spare. Going to Euston—could you come along for a few minutes?"

The vehicles were not damaged; Abbott's driver got quickly out of the crowd, and the two men continued their conversation.

"Do you know anything of Wager?" inquired the journalist, with a troubled look.

"He came to see me a few evenings ago—late."

"Ha, he did! To borrow money, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes."

"I thought so. He came to me for the same. Said he'd got a berth at Southampton. Lie, of course. The fellow has disappeared, and left his children—left them in a lodging-house at Hammersmith. How's that for cool brutality? The landlady found my wife's address, and came to see her. Address left out on purpose, I daresay. There was nothing for it but to take care of the poor little brats.—Oh, damn!"

"What's the matter?"

"Neuralgia—driving me mad. Teeth, I think. I'll have every one wrenched out of my head if this goes on. Never mind. What do you think of Wager?"

"I remember, when we were at Guy's, he used to advocate the nationalization of offspring. Probably he had some personal interest in the matter, even then."

"Hound! I don't know whether to set the police after him or not. It wouldn't benefit the children. I suppose it's no use hunting for his family?"

"Not much, I should say."

"Well, lucky we have no children of our own. Worst of it is, I don't like the poor little wretches, and my wife doesn't either. We must find a home for them."

"I say, Abbott, you must let me go halves at that."

"Hang it, no! Why should you support Wager's children? They're relatives of ours, unfortunately. But I wanted to tell you that I'm going down to Waterbury." He looked at his watch. "Thirteen minutes—shall I do it? There's a good local paper, the 'Free Press,' and I have the offer of part ownership. I shall buy, if possible, and live in the country for a year or two, to pick up my health. Can't say I love London. Might get into country journalism for good. Curse this torment!"

In Tottenham Court Road Rolfe bade his friend good-by, and the cab rushed on.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was half-past ten when Rolfe knocked at the door in Hamilton Terrace. He learned from the servant that Mr. Carnaby was at home, and had company. In the room known as the library, four men sat smoking; their voices pealed into the hall as the door opened, and a boisterous welcome greeted the newcomer's appearance.

"Come to condole?" cried Hugh, striding forward with his man-of-the-wide-world air, and holding out his big hand. "No doubt they're having a high old time at the club. Does it please them? Does it tickle them?"

"Why, naturally. There's the compensation, my boy—you contribute to the gaiety of your friends."

Carnaby was a fair example of the well-bred, well-fed Englishman—tall, brawny, limber, not uncouthly, with a red neck, a powerful jaw, and a keen eye. Something more of repose, of self-possession, and a slightly more intellectual brow, would have made him the best type of conquering, civilizing Briton. He came of good family, but had small inheritance; his tongue told of age-long domination; his physique and carriage showed the horseman, the game stalker, the nomad. Hugh had never bent over books since the day when he declined the university and got leave to join Colonel Bosworth's exploring party in the Caucasus. After a boyhood of straitened circumstances, he profited by a skillful stewardship which allowed him to hope for some seven hundred a year; his elder brother, Miles, a fine fellow, who went into the army, pinching himself to benefit Hugh and their sister Ruth. Miles was now Major Carnaby, active on the Northwest Frontier. Ruth was wife of a missionary in some land of swamps; doomed by climate, but of spirit indomitable. It seemed strange that Hugh, at five-and-thirty, had done nothing in particular. Perhaps his income explained it—too small for traditional purposes, just large enough to foster indolence. For Hugh had not even followed up his promise of becoming an explorer; he had merely rambled, mostly in pursuit of fowl or quadruped. When he married, all hope for him was at an end. The beautiful and brilliant daughter of a fashionable widow, her income a trifle more than Carnaby's own; devoted to the life of cities, wherein she shone; an enchantress whose spell would not easily be broken, before whom her husband bowed in delighted subservience—such a woman might flatter Hugh's pride, but could scarce be expected to draw out his latent energies and capabilities. This year, for the first time, he had visited no wild country; his journeying led only to Paris, to Vienna. In due season he shot his fifty brace on somebody's grouse-moor, but the sport did not exhilarate him.

An odd and improbable alliance, that between Hugh Carnaby and Harvey Rolfe. Yet in several ways they suited each other. Old time memories had a little, not much, to do with it; more of the essence of the matter was their feeling of likeness in difference. Ten years ago Carnaby felt inclined to call his old schoolfellow a "cad"; Harvey saw nothing in Hugh but robust snobishness. Nowadays they had the pleasant sense of understanding each other on most points, and the result was a good deal of honest mutual admiration. The one's physical vigor and adroitness, the other's active mind, liberal thoughts, studious habits, proved reciprocally



cally attractive. Though in unlike ways, both were impressively modern. Of late it had seemed as if the man of open-air, checked in his natural courses, thrown back upon his meditations, turned to the student, with hope of guidance in new paths, of counsel amid unfamiliar obstacles. To the observant Rolfe, his friend's position abounded in speculative interest. With the course of years, each had lost many a harsher characteristic, while the inner man matured. That their former relations were gradually being reversed, neither perhaps had consciously noted; but even in the jests which passed between them on Harvey's arrival this evening, it appeared plainly enough that Hugh Carnaby no longer felt the slightest inclination to regard his friend as an inferior.

The room, called library, contained one small case of books, which dealt with travel and sport. Furniture of the ordinary kind, still new, told of easy circumstances and domestic comfort. Round about the walls hung a few paintings and photographs, intermingled with the stuffed heads of animals slain in the chase, notably that of a great ibex with magnificent horns.

"Come, now, tell me all about it," said Rolfe, as he mixed himself a glass of whisky and water. "I don't see that anything has gone from this room."

"Don't you?" cried his host, with a scornful laugh. "Where are my silver-mounted pistols? Where's the ibex-hoof made into a paper-weight? And"—he raised his voice to a shout of comical despair—"where's my check-book?"

"I see." "I wish I did. It must break the record for a neat house-robbery, don't you think? And they'll never be caught—I'll bet you anything you like they won't. The job was planned weeks ago; that woman came into the house with no other purpose."

"But didn't your wife know anything about her?" "What can one know about such people? There were references, I believe—as valuable as references usually are. She must be an old hand. But I'm sick of the subject; let's drop it.—You were interrupted, Hollings. What about that bustard?"

A very tall, spare man, who seemed to rouse himself from a nap, resumed his story of bustard-stalking in Spain last spring. Carnaby, who knew the country well, listened with lively interest, and followed with reminiscences of his own. He told of a certain boar, shot in the Sierras, which weighed something like four hundred pounds. He talked, too, of flamingoes on the "marismas" of the Guadalquivir; of punting day after day across the tawny expanse of water; of cooking his meals on sandy islets at a fire made of tamarisk and thistle; of lying wakeful in the damp, chilly nights, listening to frogs and bitterns. Then again of his ibex-hunting on the Cordilleras of Castile, when he brought down that fine fellow whose head adorned his room, the horns just thirty-eight inches long. And in the joy of these recollections there seemed to sound a regretful note, as if he spoke of things gone by and irrecoverable, no longer for him.

One of the men present had recently been in Cyprus, and mentioned it with disgust. Rolfe also had visited the island, and remembered it much more agreeably, his impressions seeming to be chiefly gastronomic; he recalled the exquisite flavor of Cyprian hares, the fat francolin, the delicious beccaficos in commanderia wine; with merry banter from Carnaby, professing to despise a man who knew nothing of game but its taste. The conversation reverted to technicalities of sport, full of terms and phrases unintelligible to Harvey; recounting feats with "Empress" and "Paradox," the deadly results of a "treble A," or of "treble-nesting slugs," and boasting of a "right and left with No. 6." Hugh appeared to forget all about his domestic calamity; only when his guests rose did he recur to it, and with an air of contemptuous impatience. But he made a sign to Rolfe, requesting him to stay, and at midnight the two friends sat alone together.

"Sibyl has gone to her mother's," began Hugh in a changed voice. "The poor girl takes it pluckily. It's a damnable thing, you know, for a woman to lose her rings and bracelets and so on—even such a woman as Sibyl. She tried to laugh it off, but I could see—we must buy them again, that's all. And that reminds me—what's your real opinion of Frothingham?"

Harvey laughed. "When such a lot of people go about asking that question, it would make me rather uneasy if I had anything at stake."

"They do? So it struck me. The fact is, we have a good deal at stake. The dowager swears by Frothingham. I believe every penny she has is in the 'Britannia,' one way or another."

"It's a wide net," said Rolfe musingly. "The Britannia Loan, Assurance, Investment, and Banking Company, Limited. Very good name, I've often thought."

"Yes; but, look here, you don't seriously doubt—" "My opinion is worthless. I know no more of finance than of the Cabala. Frothingham personally I rather like, and that's all I can say."

"The fact is, I have been thinking of putting some of my own—yet I don't think I shall. We're going away for the winter. Sibyl wants to give up the house, and I think she's right. For people like us, it's mere foolery to worry with a house and a lot of servants. We're neither of us cut out for that kind of thing. Sibyl hates housekeeping. Well, you can't expect a woman like her to manage a pack of thieving, lying, lazy servants. The housekeeper idea hasn't been a conspicuous success, you see, and there's nothing for it but hotel or boarding-house."

"If you remember," said Rolfe, "I hinted something of the kind a year ago."

"Yes; but—well, you know, when people marry they generally look for a certain natural consequence. If we have no children, it'll be all right."

Rolfe meditated for a moment. "You remember that fellow Wager—the man you met at Abbott's? His wife died a year ago, and now he has bolted, leaving his two children in a lodging-house."

"What a damned scoundrel!" cried Hugh, with a note of honest indignation.

"Well, yes; but there's something to be said for him. It's a natural revolt against domestic bondage. Of course, as things are, some one else has to bear the bother and

expense; but that's only our state of barbarism. A widower with two young children and no income—imagine the position. Of course, he ought to be able to get rid of them in some legitimate way—state institution—anything you like that answers to reason."

"I don't know whether it would work." "Some day it will. People talk such sentimental rubbish about children. I would have the parents know nothing about them till they're ten or twelve years old. They're a burden, a hindrance, a perpetual source of worry and misery. Most wives are sacrificed to the next generation—an outrageous absurdity. People snivel over the deaths of babies; I see nothing to grieve about. If a child dies, why, the probabilities are it ought to die; if it lives, it lives, and you get survival of the fittest. We don't want to choke the world with people, most of them rickety and wheezing; let us be healthy, and have breathing space."

"I believe in that," said Carnaby.

"You're going away, then. Where to?"

"That's the point," replied Hugh, moving uneasily. "You see, with Sibyl—I have suggested Davos. Some people she knows are there—girls who go in for tobogganing, and have a good time. But Sibyl's afraid of the cold. I can't convince her that it's nothing to what we endure here in the beastliness of a London winter. She hates the thought of ice and snow and mountains. A great pity; it would do her no end of good. I suppose we must go to the Riviera."

He shrugged his shoulders, and for a moment there was silence.

"By the bye," he resumed, "I have a letter from Miles, and you'd like to see it."

From a pile of letters on the table he selected one written on two sheets of thin paper, and handed it to Rolfe. The writing was bold, the style vigorous, the matter fresh and interesting. Major Carnaby had no graces of expression; but all the more engrossing was his brief narrative of mountain warfare, declaring its truthfulness in every stroke of the pen.

"Fine fellow!" exclaimed Rolfe, when he had read to the end. "Splendid fellow!"

"Isn't he! And he's seeing life."

"That's where you ought to be, my boy," remarked Rolfe, between puffs of tobacco.

"I daresay. No use thinking about it. Too late."

"If I had a son," pursued Harvey, smiling at the hypothesis, "I think I'd make a fighting man of him, or try to. At all events, he should go out somewhere, and beat the big British drum one way or another. I believe it's our only hope. We're rotting at home—some of us sunk in barbarism, some coddling themselves in over-refinement. What's the use of preaching peace and civilization, when we know that England's just beginning her big fight—the fight that will put all history into the shade! We have to lead the world; it's our destiny; and we must do it by breaking heads. That's the nature of the human animal, and will be for ages to come."

Carnaby nodded assent. "If we were all like your brother," Rolfe went on, "I'm glad he's fighting in India, and not in Africa. I can't love the buccaneering shopkeeper, the whisky distiller with a rifle—ugh!"

"I hate that kind of thing. The gold grubbers and diamond bagmen! But it's part of the march onward. We must have money, you know."

The speaker's forehead wrinkled, and again he moved uneasily. Rolfe regarded him with a reflective air.

"That man you saw here to-night," Carnaby went on, "the short, thick fellow—his name is Dando—he's just come back from Queensland. I don't quite know what he's been doing, but he evidently knows a good deal about mines. He says he has invented a new process for getting gold out of ore—I don't know anything about it. In the early days of mining, he says, no end of valuable stuff was abandoned, because they couldn't smelt it. Something about pyrites—I have a vague recollection of old chemistry lessons. Dando wants to start smelting works for his new process, somewhere in North Queensland."

"And wants money, I daresay," remarked the listener, with a twinkle of the eye.

"I suppose so. It was Carton that brought him here for the first time, a week ago. Might be worth thinking about, you know."

"I have no opinion. My profound ignorance of everything keeps me in a state of perpetual skepticism. It has its advantages, I daresay."

"You're very conservative, Rolfe, in your finance."

"Very."

"Quite right, no doubt. Could you join us at Nice or some such place?"

"Why, I rather thought of sticking to my books. But if the fogs are very bad—"

"And you would seriously advise us to give up the house?"

"My dear fellow, how can you hesitate? Your wife is quite right; there's not one good word to be said for the ordinary life of an English household. Flee from it! Live anywhere and anyhow, but don't keep house in England. Wherever I go, it's the same cry: domestic life is played out. There isn't a servant to be had—unless you're a duke and breed them on your own estate. All ordinary housekeepers are at the mercy of the filth and insolence of a drudge-tailed, novelette-reading feminine democracy. Before very long we shall train an army of men-servants, and send the women to the devil."

"Queer thing, Rolfe," put in his friend with a laugh; "I've noticed it of late, you're getting to be a regular woman-hater."

"Not a bit of it. I hate a dirty, lying, incapable creature, that's all, whether man or woman. No doubt they're more common in petticoats."

"Been to the Frothinghams' lately?"

"No."

"I used to think you were there rather often."

Rolfe gave a sort of grunt, and kept silence.

"To my mind," pursued the other, "the best thing about Alma is that she appreciates my wife. She has really a great admiration for Sibyl; no sham about it, I'm sure. I don't pretend to know much about women, but I fancy that kind of thing isn't common—real friendship and admiration between them. People always say so, at all events."

"I take refuge once more," said Rolfe, "in my faithless ignorance."

He rose from his chair, and sat down again on a corner of the table. Carnaby stood up, threw his arms above his head, and yawned with animal vehemence, the expression of an intolerable ennui.

"There's something damnably wrong with us all—that's the one thing certain."

"Idleness, for one thing," said Rolfe.

"Yes. And I'm too old to do anything. Why didn't I follow Miles into the army? I think I was more cut out for that than for anything else. I often feel I should like to go to South Africa and get up a little war of my own."

Rolfe shouted laughter.

"Not half a bad idea, and the easiest thing in the world, no doubt."

"Nigger-hunting; a superior big game."

"There's more than that to do in South Africa," said Harvey. "I was looking at a map in Stanford's window the other day, and it amused me. Who believes for a moment that England will remain satisfied with bits here and there? We have to swallow the whole, of course. We shall go on fighting and annexing, until—until the decline and fall of the British Empire. That hasn't begun yet. Some of us are so overcivilized that it makes a reaction of wholesome barbarism in the rest. We shall fight like blazes in the twentieth century. It's the only thing that keeps Englishmen sound; commercialism is their curse. Happily, no sooner do they get fat than they kick, and somebody's shin suffers; then they fight off the excessive flesh. War is England's Banting."

"You'd better not talk like that to Sibyl."

"Why, frankly, old man, I think that's your mistake. But you'll tell me, and rightly enough, to mind my own business."

"Nonsense. What do you mean exactly? You think I ought to—"

Hugh hesitated, with an air of uneasiness.

"Well," pursued his friend cautiously, "do you think it's right to suppress your natural instincts? Mightn't it give her a new interest in life if she came round a little to your point of view?"

"Queer thing, how unlike we are, isn't it?" said Carnaby, with a sudden drop of his tone to amiable ingenuousness. "But, you know, we get along together very well."

"To be sure. Yet you are going to rust in the Riviera when you want to be on the Himalayas. Wouldn't it do your wife good to give up her books and her music for a while and taste fresh air?"

"I doubt if she's strong enough for it."

"It would make her stronger. And here's a good opportunity. If you give up housekeeping (and housekeepers, why not reform your life altogether? Go and have a look at Australia."

"Sibyl hates the sea."

"She'd soon get over that. Seriously, you ought to think of it."

Carnaby set his lips and for a moment hung his head.

"You're quite right. But—"

"A little pluck, old fellow."

"I'll see what can be done. Have another whisky?"

They went out into the hall, where a dim light through colored glass illumined a statue in terra-cotta, some huge engravings, the massive antlers of an elk, and furniture in carved oak.

"Queer feeling of emptiness," said Carnaby, subduing his voice. "I feel as if they'd carried off everything, and left bare walls. Sibyl couldn't stay in the place. Shall I whistle for a cab? By Jove! that reminds me, the whistle has gone; it happened to be silver. A wedding present from that fool Benson, who broke his neck in a steeplechase three weeks after."

Harvey laughed, and stepped out into the watery fog.

### CHAPTER III.

A CAB crawling at the upper end of the terrace took him quickly home. He entered with his latch-key as a church clock tolled one.

It was a large house, within a few minutes' walk of Royal Oak Station. Having struck a match, and lighted a candle which stood upon the hall table (indicating that he was the last who would enter to-night), Harvey put up the door-chain and turned the great key, then went quietly upstairs. His rooms were on the first floor. A tenancy of five years, with long absences, enabled him to regard this niche in a characterless suburb as in some sort his home; a familiar smell of books and tobacco welcomed him as he opened the door; remnants of a good fire kept the air warm, and dispensed a pleasant glow. On shelves which almost concealed the walls, stood a respectable collection of volumes, the lowest tier consisting largely of what second-hand booksellers, when invited to purchase, are wont to call "tombstones"; that is to say, old folios, of no great market value, though good brains and infinite labor went to the making of them. A great table, at one end of which was a tray with glasses and a water-bottle, occupied the middle of the floor; nearer the fireplace was a small writing-desk. For pictures little space could be found; but over the mantel-piece hung a fine water-color, the flood of Tigris and the roofs of Bagdad burning in golden sunset. Harvey had bought it at the gallery in Pall Mall not long ago; the work of a man of whom he knew nothing; it represented the furthest point of his own travels, and touched profoundly his vague historico-poetic sensibilities.

Three letters lay on the desk. As soon as he had lighted his lamp, and exchanged his boots for slippers, he looked at the envelopes, and chose one addressed in a woman's hand. The writer was Mrs. Bennet Frothingham.

"We have only just heard, from Mrs. Carnaby, that you are back in town. Could you spare us to-morrow evening? It would be so nice of you. The quartet will give Beethoven's F minor, and Alma says it will be well done—the conceit of the child! We hope to have some interesting people. What a shocking affair of poor Mrs. Carnaby's! I never knew anything quite so bad.—Our united kind regards."

Harvey thrust out his lips, in an ambiguous expression, as he threw the sheet aside. He mused before opening the next letter. This proved to be of startling contents: a few lines scribbled informally, undated,



without signature. A glance at the post-mark discovered "Liverpool."

"The children are at my last address—you know it. I can do no more for them. If the shabby Abbots refuse—as I daresay they will—it wouldn't hurt you to keep them from the workhouse. But it's a devilish hard world, and they must take their chance."

After a stare and a frown, Harvey woke the echoes with boisterous laughter. It was long since any passage in writing had so irresistibly tickled his sense of humor. Well, he must let Abbott know of this. It might be as well, perhaps, if he called on Mrs. Abbott to-morrow, to remove any doubt that might remain in her mind. The fellow Wager being an old acquaintance of his, he could not get rid of a sense of far-off responsibility in this matter; though, happily, Wager's meeting with Mrs. Abbott's cousin, which led to marriage and misery, came about quite independently of him.

The last letter he opened without curiosity, but with quiet interest and pleasure. It was dated from Grey-stone; the writer, Basil Morton, had a place in his earliest memories, for, as neighbors' children, they had played together long before the grammar school days which allied him with Hugh Carnaby.

"For aught I know," began Morton, "you may at this moment be drifting on the Euphrates, or pondering on the site of Alexandria Eschate. It is you who owe me an account of yourself; nevertheless, I am prompted to write, if only to tell you that I have just got the complete set of the Byzantine Historians. A catalogue tempted me, and I did buy."

And so on in the same strain, until, in speaking of nearer matters, his style grew simpler.

"Our elder boy begins to put me in a difficulty. As I told you, he has been brought up on the most orthodox lines of Anglicanism; his mother—best of mothers and best of wives, but in this respect atavistic—has had a free hand, and I don't see how it could have been otherwise. But now the lad begins to ask awkward questions, and to put me in a corner; the young rascal is a vigorous dialectician and rationalist—odd result of such training. It becomes a serious question how I am to behave. I cannot bear to distress his mother, yet how can I tell him that I literally believe those quaint old fables? *Solvetur vivendo*, of course, like everything else, but just now it worries me a little. Generally, I can see a pretty clear line of duty; here the duty is divided, with a vengeance. Have you any counsel?"

Harvey Rolfe mumbled impatiently; all domestic matters were a trial to his nerves. It seemed to him, an act of unaccountable folly to marry a woman from whom one differed diametrically on subjects that lay at the root of life; and of children he could hardly bring himself to think at all, so exasperating the complication they introduced into social problems which defied common sense. He disliked children; fled the sight and the sound of them in most cases, and, when this was not possible, regarded them with apprehension, anxiety, weariness, anything but interest. In the perplexity that had come upon him, Basil Morton seemed to have nothing more than his deserts. "Best of mothers and of wives," forsooth! An excellent house-keeper, no doubt; but what shadow of qualification for wifehood and motherhood in this year 1896? The whole question was disgusting to a rational man—especially to that vigorous example of the class, by name Harvey Rolfe.

Late as it was, he did not care to go to bed. This morning he had brought home a batch of books from the London Library, and he began to turn them over, with the pleasure of anticipation. Not seldom of late had Harvey flattered himself on the growth of intellectual gusto which proceeded in him together with a perceptible decline of baser appetites, so long his torment and his hinderance. His age was now seven-and-thirty; at forty he might hope to have utterly trodden under foot the instincts at war with mental calm. He saw before him long years of congenial fellowship, of bracing travel, of well-directed studiousness. Let problems of sex and society go hang! He had found a better way.

On looking back over his life, how improbable it seemed, this happy issue out of crudity, turbulence, lack of purpose, weakness, insincerity, ignorance. First and foremost he had to thank good old Dr. Harvey of Grey-stone; then, his sister, sleeping in her grave under the old chimneys she loved; then, surely himself, that seed of good within him which had survived all adverse influences—watched, surely, by his unconscious self, guarded long, and now deliberately nurtured. Might he not think well of himself?

His library, though for the most part the purchase of late years, contained books which reminded him of every period of his life. Up yonder, on the top shelf, were twoscore volumes which had belonged to his father, the share that fell to him when he and his sister made the ordained division: scientific treatises out of date, an old magazine, old books of travel. Strange that, in his times of folly, he had not sold these as burdensome rubbish; he was very glad now, when love and reverence for things gone by began to take hold upon him. There, at the same height, stood a rank of schoolbooks preserved for him by his sister till she died; beside them, medical works, relics of his abortive study when he was neither boy nor man. Descending, the eye fell upon yellow and green covers, dozens of French novels, acquired at any time from the year of his majority up to the other day; in the mass, they reminded him of a frothy season, when he boasted a cheap Gallicism, and sneered at all things English. A sprinkling of miscellaneous literature accounted for ten years or more when he cared little to collect books, when the senses raged in him, and only by miracle failed to hurl him down many a steep place. Last came the serious acquisitions, the bulk of his library: solid and expensive works—historians, archaeologists, travelers, with noble volumes of engravings, and unwieldy tomes of antique lore. Little enough of all this had Rolfe digested, but more and more he loved to have erudition within his reach. He began to lack room for comely storage; already a large bookcase had intruded into his bedroom. If he continued to purchase, he must needs house himself more amply; yet he dreaded the thought of a removal.

He knew enough and to spare of life in lodgings. His experience began when he came up as a lad to

Guy's Hospital, when all lodgings in London shone with the glorious light of liberty. It took a wider scope when, having grasped his little patrimony, he threw physic to the dogs, and lived as a gentleman at large. In those days he grew familiar with many kinds of "apartments" and their nomadic denizens. Having wasted his substance, he found refuge in the office of an emigration agent, where, by slow degrees, he proved himself worth a couple of hundred pounds per annum. This was the "business" to which Hugh Carnaby vaguely referred when people questioned him concerning his friend's history.

Had he possessed the commercial spirit, Harvey might have made his position in this office much more lucrative. Entering nominally as a clerk, he undertook from the first a variety of duties which could only be discharged by a man of special abilities; for instance, the literary revision of seductive pamphlets and broad-sheets issued by his employer to the public contemplating emigration. These advertisements he presently composed, and, from the point of view of effectiveness, did it remarkably well. How far such work might be worthy of an honest man was another question, which for several years scarcely troubled his conscience. Before long a use was found for his slender medical attainments; it became one of his functions to answer persons who visited the office for information as to the climatic features of this or that new country, and their physical fitness for going out as colonists. Of course, there was demanded of him a radical unscrupulousness, and often enough he proved equal to the occasion; but as time went on, bringing slow development of brain and character, he found these personal interviews anything but agreeable. He had constantly before him the spectacle of human misery and defeat, now and then in such dread forms that his heart sank and his tongue refused to lie. When disgust made him contemplate the possibility of finding more honorable employment, the manifest difficulties deterred him.

He held the place for nearly ten years, living in the end so soberly and frugally that his two hundred pounds seemed a considerable income; it enabled him to spend his annual month of holiday in continental travel, which now had a significance very different from that of his trauances in France or Belgium before he began to earn a livelihood. Two deaths, a year's interval between them, released him from his office. Upon these events and their issue he had not counted; independence came to him as a great surprise, and on the path of self-knowledge he had far to travel before the significance of that and many another turning-point grew clear to his backward gaze.

Seeking for a comfortable abode, he discovered these rooms in Bayswater. They were to let furnished, the house being occupied by a widow not quite of the ordinary type of landlady, who entertained only bachelors, and was fairly conscientious in the discharge of her obligations. Six months later, during Harvey's absence abroad, this woman died, and on his return the house had already been stripped of furniture. For a moment he inclined to take a house of his own, but from this perilous experiment he was saved by an intimation that, if he were willing to supply himself with furniture and service, an incoming tenant would let him occupy his old quarters. Harvey grasped at the offer. His landlord was a man named Buncombe, a truss manufacturer, who had two children, and seemingly no wife. The topmost story Buncombe assigned to relatives of his own—a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Handover, with a sickly grown-up son, who took some part in the truss business. For a few weeks Rolfe was waited upon by a charwoman, whom he paid extravagantly for a maximum of dirt and discomfort; then the unsatisfactory person fell ill, and, while cursing his difficulties, Harvey was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Handover, who made an unexpected suggestion—would Mr. Rolfe accept her services in lieu of the charwoman's, paying her whatever he had been accustomed to give? The proposal startled him. Mrs. Handover seemed to belong pretty much to his own rank of life; he was appalled at the thought of bidding her scrub floors and wash plates; and indeed it had begun to dawn upon him that, for a man with more than nine hundred a year, he was living in a needlessly uncomfortable way. On his reply that he thought of removing, Mrs. Handover fell into profound depression, and began to disclose her history. Very early in life she had married a man much beneath her in station, with the natural result. After some years of quarreling, which culminated in personal violence on her husband's part, she obtained a judicial separation. For a long time the man had ceased to send her money, and indeed he was become a vagabond pauper, from whom nothing could be obtained; she depended upon her son, and on the kindness of Buncombe, who asked no rent. If she could earn a little money by work, she would be much happier, and with tremulous hope she had taken this step of appealing to her neighbor in the house.

Harvey could not resist these representations. When the new arrangement had been in operation for a week or so, Harvey began to reflect upon Mrs. Handover's personal narrative, and in some respects to modify his first impulsive judgment thereon. It seemed to him not impossible that Mr. Handover's present condition of vagabond pauper might be traceable to his marriage with a woman who had never learned the elements of domestic duty. Thoroughly well-meaning, Mrs. Handover was the most incompetent of housewives. Yet such was Harvey Rolfe's delicacy, and so intense his moral cowardice, that year after year he bore with Mrs. Handover's defects and paid her with a smile the wages of two first-rate servants. Dust lay thick about him; he had grown accustomed to it, as to many another form of sluttishness. After all, he possessed a quiet retreat for studious hours, and a tolerable sleeping-place, with the advantage of having his correspondence forwarded to him when he chose to wander. To be sure, it was not final; one would not wish to grow old and die amid such surroundings; sooner or later circumstance would prompt the desirable change. Circumstance, at this stage of his career, was Harvey's god; he waited upon its direction with an air of wisdom, of mature philosophy.

Of his landlord, Buncombe, he gradually learned all that he cared to know. The moment came when Buncombe grew confidential, and he, too, had a matri-

monial history to disclose. Poverty played no part in it; his business flourished, and Mrs. Buncombe, throughout a cohabitation of five years, made no complaint of her lot. All at once—so asserted Buncombe—the lady began to talk of dullness; for a few months she moped, then of a sudden left home, and in a day or two announced by letter that she had taken a place as barmaid at a music-hall. There followed an interview between husband and wife, with the result, said Buncombe, that they parted the best of friends, but with an understanding that Mrs. Buncombe should be free to follow her own walk in life, with a moderate allowance to supplement what she could earn. That was five years ago. Mrs. Buncombe now sang at second-rate halls, and enjoyed a certain popularity, which seemed to her an ample justification of the independence she had claimed. She was just thirty, tolerably good-looking, and full of the enjoyment of life. Her children, originally left in the care of her mother, whom Buncombe supported, were now looked after by the two servants of the house, and Buncombe seemed to have no conscientious troubles on that score; to Harvey Rolfe's eye it was plain that the brother and sister were growing up as vicious little savages, but he permitted himself no remark on the subject.

After a few conversations, he gained an inkling of Buncombe's motive in taking a house so much larger than he needed. This magnificence was meant as an attraction to the roaming wife, whom, it was clear, Buncombe both wished and hoped to welcome back before very long. She did occasionally visit the house, though only for an hour or two; just to show, said Buncombe, that there was no ill-feeling. On his part, evidently, there was none whatever. An easy-going, simple-minded fellow, aged about forty, with a boyish good-temper and no will to speak of, he seemed never to entertain a doubt of his wife's honesty, and in any case would probably have agreed, on the least persuasion, to let bygones be bygones. He spoke rather proudly than otherwise of Mrs. Buncombe's artistic success.

"It isn't every woman could have done it, you know, Mr. Rolfe."

"It is not," Harvey assented.

Only those rooms were furnished which the little family used, five or six in all; two or three stood vacant, and served as playgrounds for the children in bad weather. Of his relatives at the top, Buncombe never spoke; he either did not know, or viewed with indifference, the fact that Mrs. Handover served his lodger in a menial capacity. About once a month he invited three or four male friends to a set dinner, and hilarity could be heard until long after midnight. Altogether it was a strange household, and, as he walked about the streets of the neighborhood, Harvey often wondered what abnormalities even more striking might be concealed behind the meaningless uniformity of these heavily respectable house fronts. As a lodger he was content to dwell here; but sometimes by a freak of imagination he pictured himself a married man, imprisoned with wife and children amid these leagues of dreary, inhospitable brickwork, and a great horror fell upon him.

No. In his time he had run through follies innumerable, but from the supreme folly of hampering himself by marriage, a merciful fate had guarded him. It was probably the most remarkable fact of his life; it heightened his self-esteem, and appeared to warrant him in the assurance that a destiny so protective would round the close of his days with tranquility and content.

Upon this thought he lay down to rest. For half an hour Basil Morton's letter had occupied his mind; he had tried to think out the problem it set forth, not to leave his friend quite unanswered; but weariness prevailed, and with it the old mood of self-congratulation.

Next morning the weather was fine; that is to say, one could read without artificial light, and no rain fell, and far above the house-tops appeared a bluish glimmer, shot now and then with pale yellowness. Harvey decided to carry out his intention of calling upon Mrs. Abbott. She lived at Kilburn, and thither he drove shortly before twelve o'clock. He was admitted to a very cozy room, where, amid books and pictures, and by a large fire, the lady of the house sat reading. Whatever the cause, it seemed to him that his welcome fell short of cordiality, and he hastened to excuse himself for intruding at so early an hour.

"I received a letter last night which I thought you had better know of without delay."

"From that man—Mr. Wager?" said Mrs. Abbott quickly and hopefully, her face brightening.

"Yes. But there's nothing satisfactory in it. He writes from Liverpool, and merely says that the children are at his lodgings, and he can do no more for them."

Mrs. Abbott set her lips in an expression almost of sullenness. Rolfe had never seen her look thus, but it confirmed a suspicion which he had harbored concerning her. Why, he hardly knew—for she always presented a face of amiability, and talked in gentle, womanly tones—a doubt as to Abbott's domestic felicity haunted his mind. Perhaps he now saw her, for the first time, as she commonly appeared to her husband—slightly peevish, unwilling to be disturbed, impatient when things did not run smoothly.

"You saw my husband yesterday?" was her next remark, not very graciously uttered.

"We met in the street last night—before I got Wager's letter. He was suffering horribly from neuralgia."

Harvey could not forbear to add this detail, but he softened his voice and smiled.

"I don't wonder at it," returned the lady; "he takes no care of himself."

Harvey glanced about the room. Its furnishing might be called luxurious, and the same standard of comfort prevailed through the house. Considering that Edgar Abbott, as Rolfe knew, married on small means, and that he had toiled unremittingly to support a home in which he could seldom enjoy an hour's leisure, there seemed no difficulty in explaining this neglect of his own health. It struck the visitor that Mrs. Abbott might have taken such considerations into account, and have spoken of the good fellow more sympathetically. In truth, Harvey did not quite like Mrs. Abbott. Her age was about seven-and-twenty. She came of poor folk, and had been a high-school teacher; very



clever and successful, it was said, and Harvey could believe it. Her features were regular, and did not lack sweetness; yet, unless an observer were mistaken, the last year or two had emphasized a certain air of conscious superiority, perchance originating in the school-room. She had had one child; it struggled through a few months of sickly life, and died of convulsions during its mother's absence at a garden-party. To all appearances, her grief at the loss betokened tenderest feeling. When, in half a year's time, she again came forth into the world, a change was noted: her character seemed to have developed a new energy, she exhibited wider interests, and stepped from the background to become a leader in the little circle of her acquaintances. "Have you read this?" asked his hostess abruptly, holding up to him a French volume, Ribot's "L'Hérédité Psychologique."

"No. That kind of thing doesn't interest me much."

"Indeed! I find it intensely interesting."

Harvey rose; he was in no mood for this kind of small talk. But no sooner had he quitted his chair than Mrs. Abbott threw her book aside, and spoke in another tone, seriously, though still with a perceptible accent of annoyance.

"Of course that man's children are here, and I suppose it is our duty to provide for them till some other arrangement is made. But I think we ought to put the matter in the hands of the police. Don't you, Mr. Rolfe?"

"I'm afraid there's small chance of making their father support them. He is certainly out of England by now, and won't easily be caught."

"The worst of it is, they are anything but nice children. What could one expect with such a father? Since their poor mother died they have been in the hands of horrible people—low-class landladies, no doubt; their talk shocks me. The last amusement they had was to be taken by somebody to Tussaud's, and now they can talk of nothing but 'the hunted murderer'—one sees it on the walls, you know; and they play at being murderer and policeman, one trying to escape the other. Pretty play for children of five and seven, isn't it?"

Rolfe made a gesture of disgust.

"I know the poor things can't help it," pursued Mrs. Abbott, with softer feeling, "but it turns me against them. From seeing so little of their father, they have even come to talk with a vulgar pronunciation, like children out of the streets—almost. It's dreadful! When I think of my cousin—such a sweet, good girl, and these her children—oh, it's horrible!"

"They are very young," said Harvey, in a low voice, perturbed in spite of himself. "With good training—"

"Yes, of course we must put them in good hands somewhere."

Plainly it had never occurred to Mrs. Abbott that such a task as this might, even temporarily, be undertaken by herself; her one desire was to get rid of the luckless brats, that their vulgarity might not pain her, and the care of them encumber her polite leisure.

After again excusing himself for this call, and hearing his apology this time more graciously received, Harvey withdrew from the cozy study, and left Mrs. Abbott to her "Hérédité Psychologique." On his way to lunch in town, he thought of the overworn journalist groaning with neuralgia, and wondered how Mrs. Abbott would relish a removal to the town of Waterbury.

#### CHAPTER IV.

UNCERTAIN to the last moment, Harvey did at length hurry into his dress clothes, and start for Fitzjohn Avenue. He had little mind for the semi-fashionable crowd and the amateur music, but he could not answer Mrs. Bennet Frothingham with any valid excuse, and, after all, she meant kindly toward him. Why he enjoyed so much of this lady's favor it was not easy to understand; intellectual sympathy there could be none between them, and as for personal liking, on his side it did not go beyond that naturally excited by a good-natured, feather-brained, rather pretty woman, whose sprightliness never passed the limits of decorum, and who seemed to have better qualities than found scope in her butterfly existence. Perhaps he amused her, being so unlike the kind of man she was accustomed to see. His acquaintance with the family dated from their social palingenesis, when, after obscure prosperity in a southern suburb, they fluttered to the northern heights, and were observed of the paragraphists. Long before that, Bennet Frothingham had been known in the money market; it was the "Britannia"—Loan, Assurance, Investment, and Banking Company, Limited—that made him nationally prominent, and gave an opportunity to his wife (in second marriage) and his daughter (by the first). Three years ago, when Carnaby (already lured by the charms of Sibyl Larkfield) presented his friend Rolfe as "the man who had been to Bagdad," Alma Frothingham, not quite twenty-one, was studying at the Royal Academy of Music, and, according to her friends, promised to excel alike on the piano and the violin, having at the same time a "really remarkable" contralto voice. Of late the young lady had abandoned singing, rarely used the pianoforte, and seemed satisfied to achieve distinction as a violinist. She had founded an Amateur Quartet Society, whose performances were frequently to be heard at the house in Fitzjohn Avenue.

Last winter Harvey had chanced to meet Alma and her stepmother at Leipzig, at a Gewandhaus concert. He was invited to go with them to hear the boys' motet at the Thomaskirche; and with this intercourse began the change in their relations from mere acquaintance to something like friendship. Through the following spring Rolfe was a familiar figure at the Frothinghams'; but this form of pleasure soon wearied him, and he was glad to escape from London in June. He knew the shadowy and intermittent temptation which beckoned him to that house; music had power over him, and he grew conscious of watching Alma Frothingham, her white little chin on the brown fiddle, with too exclusive an interest. When "that fellow" Cyrus Redgrave, a millionaire, or something of the sort, began to attend these gatherings with a like assiduity, and to win more than his share of Miss Frothingham's conversation, Harvey felt a disquietude which happily took the form of disgust, and it was easy enough to pack his portmanteau.

Through the babble of many voices in many keys, talk mingling with laughter more or less melodiously subdued, he made his way up the great staircase. As he neared the landing, there sounded the shrill squeak of a violin and a 'cello's deep harmonic growl. His hostess, small, slender, fair, and not yet forty, a jewel-flash upon her throat and in the tiara above her smooth low forehead, took a step forward to greet him.

"Really? How delightful! I shot at a venture, and it was a hit after all!"

"They are just beginning?"

"The quartet—yes. Herr Wilenski has promised to play afterward."

He moved on, crossed a small drawing-room, entered the larger room sacred to music, and reached a seat in the nick of time. Miss Frothingham, the violin against her shoulder, was casting a final glance at the assembly, the glance which could convey a noble severity when it did not forthwith impose silence. A moment's perfect stillness, and the quartet began. There were two ladies, two men. Miss Frothingham played the first violin, Mr. Eneas Piper the second, the 'cello was in the hands of Herr Gassner, and the viola yielded its tones to Miss Dora Leach. Harvey knew them all, but had eyes only for one; in truth, only one rewarded observation. Miss Leach was a meager blonde, whose form, face, and attitude enhanced by contrast the graces of the First Violin. Alma's countenance shone—possibly with the joy of the artist, perhaps only with gratified vanity. As she grew warm, the rosy blood mantled in her cheeks and flushed her neck. Every muscle and nerve tense as the strings from which she struck music, she presently swayed forward on the points of her feet, and seemed to gain in stature, to become of more commanding type. Her features suggested neither force of intellect nor originality of character; but they had beauty, and something more. She stood a fascination, an allurements, to the masculine sense. Harvey Rolfe had never so responded to this quality in the girl; the smile died from his face as he regarded her. Of her skill as a musician, he could form no judgment; but it seemed to him that she played very well, and he had heard her praised by people who understood the matter; for instance, Herr Wilenski, the virtuoso, from whom—in itself a great compliment—Alma was having lessons.

He averted his eyes, and began to seek for known faces among the audience. His host he could not discover; Mr. Frothingham must be away from home this evening; it was seldom he failed to attend Alma's concerts. But near the front sat Mrs. Ascott Larkfield, a dazzling figure, and, at some distance, her daughter Mrs. Carnaby, no shadow of gloom upon her handsome features. Hugh was not in sight; probably he felt in no mood for parties. Next to Mrs. Carnaby sat "that fellow," Cyrus Redgrave, smiling as always, and surveying the people near him from under drooping brows, his head slightly bent. Mr. Redgrave had thin hair, but a robust mustache and a short peaked beard; his complexion was a trifle sallow; he lolled upon the chair, so that, at moments, his head all but brushed Mrs. Carnaby's shoulder.

Long before the close of the piece, Rolfe had ceased to listen, his thoughts drifting hither and thither on a turbid flood of emotion. During the last passage—*allegro molto leggiermente*—he felt a movement round about him as of general relief, and when, on the last note, there broke forth (familiar ambiguity) sounds of pleasure and of applause, he at once stood up. But he had no intention of pressing into the throng that rapidly surrounded the musicians. Seeing that Mr. Redgrave had vacated his place, while Mrs. Carnaby remained seated, he stepped forward to speak with his friend's wife. She smiled up at him, and lifted a gloved finger.

"Not sit down by you?"

"Oh, certainly. But I saw condolence in your face, and I'm tired of it. Besides, it would be mere hypocrisy in you."

Harvey gave a silent laugh. He had tried to understand Sibyl Carnaby, and at different times had come to very different conclusions regarding her. All women puzzled, and often disconcerted, him; with Sibyl he could never talk freely, knowing not whether to dislike or to admire her. He was not made on the pattern of Cyrus Redgrave, who probably viewed womankind with instinctive contempt, yet pleased all with the flattery of his homage.

"Well, then, we won't talk of it," he said, noticing, in the same moment, that her person did not lack the adornment of jewels. Perhaps she had happened to be wearing these things on the evening of the robbery; but Rolfe felt a conviction that, under any circumstances, Sibyl would not be without rings and bracelets.

"They certainly improve," she remarked, indicating the quartet with the tip of her fan.

Her opinions were uttered with calm assurance, whatever the subject. An infinite self-esteem, so placid that it never suggested the vulgarity of conceit, shone in her large eyes and dwelt upon the beautiful curve of her lips. No face could be of purer outline, of less sensual suggestiveness; it wore at times an air of cold abstraction which was all but austerity. Rolfe imagined her the most selfish of women, thought her incapable of sentiment; yet how was her marriage to be accounted for, save by supposing that she fell in love with Hugh Carnaby? Such a woman might surely have sold herself to great advantage; and yet—odd incongruity—she did not impress one as socially ambitious. Her mother, the ever-youthful widow, sped from assembly to assembly, unable to live save in the whirl of fashion; not so Sibyl. Was she too proud, too self-centered? And what ambition did she nourish?

Or was it all an illusion of the senses? Suppose her a mere graven image, hollow, void. Call her merely a handsome woman, with the face of some remarkable ancestress, with just enough of warmth to be subdued by the vigorous passion of such a fine fellow as Carnaby. On the whole, Rolfe preferred this hypothesis. He had never heard her say anything really bright, or witty, or significant. But Hugh spoke of her fine qualities of head and heart; Alma Frothingham made her an exemplar, and would not one woman see through the vacuous pretentiousness of another?

Involuntarily, he was gazing at her, trying to read her face.

"So you think we ought to go to Australia," said Sibyl quietly, returning his look.

Hugh had repeated the conversation of last night; indiscreet, but natural. One could not suppose that Hugh kept many secrets from his wife.

"I?" He was confused. "Oh, we were talking about the miseries of housekeeping—"

"I hate the name of those new countries."

It was said smilingly, but with what expression in the word "hate!"

"Vigorous cuttings from the old tree," said Rolfe.

"There is England's future."

"Perhaps so. At present they are barbarous, and I have a decided preference for civilization. So have you, I am quite sure."

Rolfe murmured his assent; whereupon Sibyl rose, just bent her head to him, and moved with graceful indolence away.

"Now she hates me," Harvey said in his mind; "and much I care!"

As a matter of courtesy, he thought it well to move in Miss Frothingham's direction. The crowd was thinning; without difficulty he approached to within a few yards of her, and there exchanged a word or two with the player of the viola, Miss Leach—a good, ingenious creature, he had always thought; dangerous to no man's peace, but rather sentimental, and on that account to be avoided. While talking, he heard a man's voice behind him, pretentious, coarse, laying down the law in a musical discussion.

"No, no; Beethoven is not *Klaviermusik*. His thoughts are symphonic—they need the orchestra. . . . A string quartet is to a symphony what a delicate water-color is to an oil-painting. . . . Oh, I don't care for his playing at all! he has not—what shall I call it?—no *Schmuck*."

Rolfe turned at length to look. A glance showed him a tall, bony young man, with a great deal of disorderly hair, and a shaven face; harsh-featured, sensual, utterly lacking refinement. He inquired of Miss Leach who this might be, and learned that the man's name was Felix Dymes.

"Isn't he a humbug?"

The young lady was pained and shocked.

"Oh, he is very clever," she whispered. "He has composed a most beautiful song—don't you know it?—'Margot.' It's very likely that Topham may sing it at one of the Ballad Concerts."

"Now I've offended her," said Rolfe to himself.

"No matter."

Seeing his opportunity, he took a few steps and stood before Alma Frothingham. She received him very graciously, looking him straight in the face, with that amused smile which he could never interpret. Did it mean that she thought him "good fun"? Had she discussed him with Sibyl Carnaby, and heard things of him that moved her mirth? Or was it pure good-nature, the overflowing spirits of a vivacious girl?

"So good of you to come, Mr. Rolfe. And what did you think of us?"

This was characteristic. Alma delighted in praise, and never hesitated to ask for it. She hung eagerly upon his unready words.

"I only show my ignorance when I talk of music. Of course, I liked it."

"Ah! then you didn't think it very good. I see—"

"But I did! Only my opinion is worthless."

Alma looked at him, seemed to hesitate, laughed; and Harvey felt the conviction that, by absurd sincerity, he had damaged himself in the girl's eyes. What did it matter?

"I've been practicing five hours a day," said Alma, in rapid, ardent tones. Her voice was as pleasant to the ear as her face to look upon; richly feminine, a call to the emotions. "That isn't bad, is it?"

"Tremendous energy!"

"Oh, music is my religion, you know. I often feel sorry I haven't to get my living by it; it's rather wretched to be only an amateur, don't you think?"

"Religion shouldn't be marketable," joked Harvey.

"Oh, but you know what I mean. You are so critical, Mr. Rolfe. I've a good mind to ask father to turn me out of house and home, with just half a crown. Then I might really do something. It would be splendid!—Oh, what do you think of that shameful affair in Hamilton Terrace? Mrs. Carnaby takes it like an angel. They're going to give up housekeeping. Very sensible, I say. Everybody will do it before long. Why should we be plagued with private houses?"

"There are difficulties—"

"Of course there are, and men seem to enjoy pointing them out. They think it a crime if women hate the bother and misery of housekeeping."

"I am not so conservative."

He tried to meet her eyes, which were gleaming fixedly upon him; but his look fell, and turned as quickly from the wonderful white shoulders, the throbbing throat, the neck that showed its color against swan's-down. To his profound annoyance, some one intervened—a lady bringing some one else to be introduced. Rolfe turned on his heel, and was face to face with Cyrus Redgrave. Nothing could be suaver or more civil than Mr. Redgrave's accost; he spoke like a polished gentleman, and, for aught Harvey knew, did not misrepresent himself. But Rolfe had a prejudice; he said as little as possible, and moved on.

In the smaller drawing-room he presently conversed with his hostess. Mrs. Frothingham's sanguine and buoyant temper seemed proof against fatigue; at home or as a guest she wore the same look of enjoyment; vexations, rivalries, responsibilities, left no trace upon her beaming countenance. Her affections were numberless; her ignorance, as an observer easily discovered, was vast and profound; but the desire to please, the tact of a gentlewoman, and thorough goodness of heart, appeared in all her sayings and doings; she was never offensive, never wholly ridiculous. Small-talk flowed from her with astonishing volubility, tone and subject dictated by the characteristics of the person with whom she gossiped; yet her preference was for talk on homely topics, and she had more than once amused Rolfe by her frank reminiscences of a time when she knew not luxury. "You may not believe it," she said to him in a moment of confidence, "but I assure you I am a very good cook." Rolfe did not quite credit the assurance, but he felt it not improbable that Mrs. Frothingham



would accept a reverse of fortune with much practical philosophy; he could imagine her brightening a small house with the sweetness of her disposition, and falling to humble duties with sprightly good-will. In this point she was a noteworthy exception among the prosperous women of his acquaintance.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked, not as a mere phrase of civility, but in a voice and with a look of genuine interest.

"Wasting my time, for the most part."

"So you always say; but it can't be true. I know the kind of man who wastes his time, and you're not a bit like him. Nothing would gratify my curiosity more than to be able to watch you through a whole day. What did you think of the quartet?"

"Capital!"

"I'm sure they make wonderful progress, and Alma does work so hard! I'm only afraid she may injure her health."

"I see no sign of it yet."

"She's certainly looking very well," said Mrs. Frothingham, with manifest pride and affection. Of Alma she always spoke thus; nothing of the stepmother was ever observable.

"Mr. Frothingham is not here this evening?"

"I really don't know why," replied the hostess, casting her eyes round the room. "I quite expected him. But he has been dreadfully busy the last few weeks. And people do worry him so. Somebody called while we were at dinner, and refused to believe that Mr. Frothingham was not at home, and made quite a disturbance at the door—so they told me afterward. I'm really quite nervous sometimes; crazy people are always wanting to see him—people who really ought not to be at large. No doubt they have had their troubles, poor things; and everybody thinks my husband can make them rich if only he chooses."

A stout, important-looking man paused before Mrs. Frothingham, and spoke familiarly.

"I'm looking for B. F. Hasn't he put in an appearance yet?"

"I really hope he's enjoying himself somewhere else," replied the hostess, rising, with a laugh. "You leave him no peace."

The stout man did not smile, but looked gravely for a moment at Rolfe, a stranger to him, and turned away.

Herr Wilenski, the virtuoso, was about to play something; the guests moved to seat themselves. Rolfe, however, preferred to remain in this room, where he could hear the music sufficiently well. He had not quite recovered from his chagrin at the interruption of his talk with Alma—a foolishness which made him impatient with himself. At the same time, he kept thinking of the "crazy people" of whom Mrs. Frothingham spoke so lightly. A man such as Bennet Frothingham must become familiar with many forms of "craziness," must himself be responsible for a good deal of folly such as leads to downright aberration. Recalling Mrs. Frothingham's innocent curiosity concerning his own life, Harvey wished, in turn, that it were possible for him to watch and comprehend the business of a great finance-gambler through one whole day. What monstrous cruelties and mendacious might underlie the surface of this gay and melodious existence! Why was the stout man looking for "B. F."? Why did he turn away with such a set countenance? Why was that old bore at the club in such a fidget about the "Britannia"?

Ha! There indeed sounded the violin! It needed no technical intelligence to distinguish between the playing of a Wilenski and that of Alma Frothingham. Her religion, forsooth! Herr Wilenski, one might be sure, talked little enough about his "religion." What did Alma think as she listened? Was she overcome by the despair of the artist-soul struggling in its immaturity? Or did she smile, as ever, and congratulate herself on the five hours a day, and tell herself how soon she would reach perfection if there were real necessity for it? Hopeless to comprehend a woman. The senses warred upon the wit; seized by calumny, one saw through radiant mists.

He did not like the name "Alma." It had a theatrical sound, a suggestion of unreality.

The maestro knew his audience; he played but for a quarter of an hour, and the babble of tongues began again. Rolfe, sauntering before the admirable pictures which hung here as a mere symbol of wealth, heard a voice at his shoulder.

"I'm very thirsty. Will you take me down?"

His heart leaped with pleasure; Alma must have seen it in his eyes as he turned.

"What did Wilenski play?" he asked confusedly, as they moved toward the staircase.

"Something of Grieg's. Mr. Wilbraham is going to sing 'Wie bist du, meine Königin'—Brahms, you know. But you don't really care for music."

"What an astounding accusation!"

"You don't really care for it. I've known that since we were at Leipzig."

"I have never pretended to appreciate music as you do. That needs education, and something more. Some music wearies me, there's no denying it."

"You like the Melody in F?"

"Yes, I do."

Alma laughed, with superiority, but not ill-naturedly.

"And I think it detestable—but of course that doesn't matter. When I talk about books you think me a nincompoop.—That word used to amuse me so when I was a child. I remember laughing wildly whenever I saw or heard it. It is a funny word, isn't it?"

"The last I should apply to you," said Rolfe in an absent undertone, as he caught a glimpse of the white teeth between her laughing lips.

They entered the supper-room, where as yet only a few people were refreshing themselves. Provisions for a regiment spread before the gaze; delicacies innumerable invited the palate: this house was famed for its hospitable abundance. Alma, having asked her companion to get her some lemonade, talked a while with two ladies who had begun to eat and drink in a serious spirit; waiting for her, Rolfe swallowed two glasses of wine to counteract a certain dullness and literalness which were wont to possess him in such company.

"I won't sit down," she said. "No, thanks, nothing to eat. I wonder where papa is? Now, he enjoys music,

though he is no musician. I think papa a wonderful man. For years he has never had more than six hours' sleep; and the work he does! He can't take a holiday; idleness makes him ill. We were down in Hampshire in July with some relatives of mamma's—the quietest, sleepest village—and papa tried to spend a few days with us, but he had to take to flight; he would have perished of ennui."

"Life at high pressure," remarked Rolfe, as the least offensive comment he could make.

"Yes; and isn't it better than life at low?" exclaimed the girl, with animation. "Most people go through existence without once exerting all the powers that are in them. I should hate to die with the thought that I hadn't really lived myself out. A year ago papa took me into the City to see the offices of 'Stock and Share,' just after the paper started. It didn't interest me very much; but I pretended it did, because papa always takes an interest in my affairs. But I found there was something else. After we had seen the printing machinery, and so on, he took me up to the top of the building into a small room, where there was just a table and a chair and a bookshelf; and he told me it was his first office, the room in which he had begun business thirty years ago. He has always kept it for his own, and just as it was—a fancy of his. There's no harm in my telling you; he's very proud of it, and so am I. That's the energy!"

"Very interesting indeed."

"I must go up again," she added quickly. "Oh, there's Miss Beaufoy; do let me introduce you to Miss Beaufoy."

She did so, unaware of Rolfe's groaning reluctance, and at once disappeared.

The supper-room began to fill. As soon as he could escape from Miss Beaufoy, who had a cavalier of her own, Harvey ascended the stairs again, and found a quiet corner, where he sat for a quarter of an hour undisturbed. Couples and groups paused to talk near him, and whenever he caught a sentence it was the merest chatter, meaningless repetition of commonplaces which, but for habit, must have been an unutterable weariness to the least intelligent of mortals. He was resolved never to come here again; never again to upset his peace of mind and sully his self-respect by grimacing amid such a crowd. He enjoyed human fellowship, timely merrymaking; but to throng one's house with people for whom, with one or two exceptions, one cared not a snap of the fingers, what was this but sheer vulgarity? As for Alma Frothingham, long ago he had made up his mind about her. Naturally, inevitably, she absorbed the vulgarity of her atmosphere. All she did was for effect: it was her cue to pose as the artist; she would keep it up through life, and breathe her last, amid perfumes, declaring that she had "lived herself out."

In his peevishness he noticed that women came up from supper with flushed cheeks and eyes unnaturally lustrous. What a grossly sensual life was masked by their airs and graces! He had half a mind to start tomorrow for the Syrian deserts.

"Do let us see you again soon," said his hostess, as he took leave of her. "Come in at five o'clock on Wednesday, that's our quiet day; only a few of our real friends. We shall be in town till Christmas, for certain."

On the stairs he passed Mr. Felix Dymes, the composer of "Margot."

"Oh, it's the easiest thing in the world," Mr. Dymes was saying, "to compose a song that will be popular. I'll give you the recipe, and charge nothing. You must have a sudden change to the minor, and a waltz refrain—that's all. Oh, yes, there's money in it. I know a man who—"

Rolfe had never left the house in such a bad temper.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN he awoke next morning, the weather was so gloomy that he seriously resumed his thought of getting away from London. Why, indeed, did he make London his home, when it would be easy to live in places vastly more interesting, and under a pure sky? He was a citizen of no city at all, and had less desire than ever to bind himself to a permanent habitation. All very well so long as he kept among his male friends, at the club and elsewhere; but this "society" played the deuce with him, and he had not the common sense, the force of resolve, to keep out of it altogether.

Well, he must go to his bank this morning, to draw cash.

It was about twelve o'clock when he stood at the counter, waiting with his check. The man before him talked with the teller.

"Do you know that the 'Britannia' has shut up?"

"The bank? No!"

"But it has. I passed just now, and there were a lot of people standing about. Closed at half-past eleven, they say."

Harvey had a singular sensation, a tremor at his heart, a flutter of the pulses, a turning cold and hot; then he was quite calm again, and said to himself, "Of course." For a minute or two the quiet routine of the bank was suspended; the news passed from mouth to mouth; newcomers swelled a gossiping group in front of the counter, and Harvey listened. The general tone was cynical; there sounded scarcely a note of indignation; no one present seemed to be personally affected by the disaster. The name of Bennet Frothingham was frequently pronounced, with unflattering comments.

"Somebody'll get it hot," remarked one of the speakers; and the others laughed.

Rolfe, having transacted his business, walked away. It struck him that he would go and look at the closed bank, but he did not remember the address; a policeman directed him, and he walked on, the distance not being very great. At the end of the street in which the building stood, signs of the unusual became observable—the outskirts of a crowd, hanging loose in animated talk, as after some exciting occurrence; and before the bank itself was gathered a throng of men, respectability's silk hats mingling with the felts and caps of lower strata. Here and there a voice could be heard raised in anger, but the prevailing emotion seemed to be mere curiosity. The people who would suffer most from the collapse of this high-sounding enterprise could not reach the scene of calamity at half-an-hour's notice;

they were dwellers in many parts of the British Isles, strangers most of them to London city, with but a vague mental picture of the local habitation of the Britannia Loan, Assurance, Investment, and Banking Company, Limited.

His arm was seized and a voice said hoarsely in his ear—"By God! too late."

Hugh Carnaby had tumbled out of a cab, and saw his friend in the same moment that he got near enough to perceive that the doors of the bank were shut.

"The thieves have lost no time," he added, pale with fury.

"You had warning of it?"

Hugh pulled him a few yards away, and whispered—"Bennet Frothingham shot himself last night."

Again Harvey experienced that disagreeable heart-shock, with the alternation of hot and cold.

"Where? At home?"

"At the office of the 'Stock and Share.' Come further away. It'll be in the evening papers directly, but I don't want those blackguards to hear me. I got up late this morning, and as I was having breakfast Sibyl rushed in. She brought the news; had it from some friend of her mother's, a man connected somehow with 'Stock and Share.' I thought they would shut up shop, and came to try and save Sibyl's balance—a couple of hundred, that's all—but they've swallowed it with the rest."

"With the rest?"

Hugh laughed mockingly.

"Of hers. Devilish bad luck Sibyl has. It was just a toss-up that a good deal of my own wasn't in, one way or another."

"Do you know any more about Frothingham?"

"No. Only the fact. Don't know when it was, or when it got known. We shall have it from the papers presently. I think every penny Mrs. Larkfield had was in."

"But it may not mean absolute ruin," urged Harvey. "I know what to think when B. F. commits suicide. We shall hear that some of the others have bolted. It'll be as clean a sweep as our housekeeper's little job."

"I've had queer presentiments," Harvey murmured.

"Why, damn it, so have I! So had lots of people. But nobody ever does anything till it's too late. I must get home again with my agreeable news. You'll be going to the club, I daresay? They'll have plenty to talk about for the next month or two."

"Try to come round to-night to my place."

"Perhaps. It depends on fifty chances. There's only one thing I know for certain—that I shall get out of this cursed country as soon as possible."

They parted, and Harvey walked westward. He had no reason for hurry; as usual, the tumult of the world's business passed him by; he was merely a looker-on. It occurred to him that it might be a refreshing and a salutary change if for once he found himself involved in the anxieties to which other men were subject; this long exemption and security fostered a too exclusive regard of self, an inaptitude for sympathetic emotion, which he recognized as the defect of his character. This morning's events had started him, and given a shock to his imagination; but already he viewed them and their consequences with a self-possession which differed little from unconcern. Bennet Frothingham, no doubt, had played a rascally game, foreseeing all along the issues of defeat. As to his wife and daughter, it would be strange if they were not provided for; suffer who might, they would probably live on in material comfort, and nowadays that was the first consideration. He was surprised that their calamity left him so unmoved; it showed conclusively how artificial were his relations with these persons; in no sense did he belong to their world; for all his foolish flutterings, Alma Frothingham remained a stranger to him, alien from every point of view, personal, intellectual, social. And how many of the people who crowded to her concert last night would hear the news this morning with genuine distress on her account? Gratified envy would be the prevailing mood, with rancorous hostility in the minds of those who were losers by Bennet Frothingham's knavery or ill-fortune. Hugh Carnaby's position called for no lament; he had a sufficient income of his own, and would now easily overcome his wife's pernicious influence; with or without her, he would break away from a life of corrupting indolence, and somewhere beyond seas "beat the British drum"—use his superabundant vitality as nature prompted.

After all, it promised to clear the air. These explosions were periodic, inevitable, wholesome. The Britannia Loan, etc., etc., had run its pestilent course; exciting avarice, perturbing quiet industry with the passion of the gambler, inflating vulgar ambition, now at length scattering wreck and ruin. This is how mankind progresses. Harvey Rolfe felt glad that no theological or scientific dogma constrained him to a justification of the laws of life.

At lunch-time, newspaper boys began to yell. The earliest placards roared in immense typography. In the Metropolitan Club, sheets moist from the press suddenly descended like a fall of snow. Rolfe stood by a window and read quietly. This first report told him little that he had not already learned, but there were a few details of the suicide. Frothingham, it appeared, always visited the office of "Stock and Share" on the day before publication. Yesterday, as usual, he had looked in for half an hour at three o'clock; but unexpectedly he came again at seven in the evening, and for a third time at about eleven, when the printing of the paper was in full swing. "It was supposed by the persons whom he then saw that Mr. Frothingham finally quitted the office; whether he actually left the building or not seems to remain uncertain. If so, he re-entered without being observed, which does not seem likely. Between two and three o'clock this morning, when 'Stock and Share' was practically ready for distribution, a man employed on the premises is said, for some unexplained reason, to have ascended to the top floor of the building, and to have entered a room ordinarily unused. A gas-jet was burning, and the man was horrified to discover the dead body of Mr. Frothingham, at full length on the floor, in his hand a pistol. On the alarm being given, medical aid was at once summoned, and it became evident that death had taken place more than an hour previously. That no one heard the report of a pistol can be easily explained by the



noise of the machinery below. The dead man's face was placid. Very little blood had issued from the wound, and the shot must have been fired with a remarkably steady hand.

"A room on the top floor of the building, ordinarily unused—What story was it that Alma Frothingham told last night, of her visit to the office of 'Stock and Share'?" Rolfe had not paid much attention to it at the time; now he recalled the anecdote, and was more impressed by its significance. That room, his first place of business, the scene of poor beginnings, Bennet Frothingham had chosen for his place of death. Perhaps he had long foreseen this possibility, had mused upon the dramatic fitness of such an end; for there was a strain of melancholy in the man, legible on his countenance, perceptible in his private conversation. Just about the time when Alma laughingly told the story, her father must have been sitting in that upper room, thinking his last thoughts; or it might be that he lay already dead.

Later issues contained much fuller reports. The man who found the body had explained his behavior in going up to the unused room, and it relieved the dark affair with a touch of comedy. Before coming to work he had quarreled with his wife, and, rather than go home in the early hours of the morning, he hit upon the idea of finding a sleeping-place here on the premises, to which he could slink unnoticed. "It's little enough sleep I get in my own house," was his remark to the reporter who won his confidence. Clubmen were hilarious over this incident, speculating as to the result of its publication on the indiscreet man's domestic troubles.

It was not unremarked that a long time elapsed between the discovery of the suicide and its being heard of by any one who had an interest in making it generally known. With the exception of two persons, all who were engaged upon the production of the newspaper went home in complete ignorance of what had happened, so cautiously and successfully was the situation dealt with by the sub-editor and his informant. When, after an examination by the doctor, who had been summoned in all secrecy, it became necessary to communicate with the police, the employees had all gone away, and the printed sheets had been conveyed to the distributing agents. Naturally, the sub-editor of "Stock and Share" preserved a certain reticence in the matter; but one could hardly be mistaken in assuming that the directors of the Britannia Company—two or three of them, at all events—had an opportunity of surveying their position long before the hour when this momentous news got abroad.

With regard to the company's affairs, only conjecture could be as yet indulged in. In view of the immediate stoppage of business, it was pretty safe to surmise that alarming disclosures awaited the public. No one, of course, would be justified in prejudging the case against the unhappy man who, amid seemingly brilliant circumstances, had been driven to so desperate an act.

And so on, and so on, in one journal after another, in edition upon edition. Harvey Rolfe read them till he was weary, listened to the gossip of the club till he was nauseated. He went home at length with a headache, and, having carefully avoided contact with Buncombe or Mrs. Handover, made an effort to absorb himself in a volume of Gregorovius, which was at present his study. The attempt was futile. Talk still seemed to buzz about him; his temples throbbed; his thoughts wandered far and wide. Driven to bed long before his accustomed hour, he heard raucous voices rending the night, bellowing in hideous antiphony from this side of the street and the other, as the vendors of a halfpenny paper made the most of what providence had sent them.

The first thing after breakfast next morning he posted a line to Hugh Carnaby. "Is there any way in which I can be of use to you? If you think not, I shall be off to-morrow to Greystone for a few days. I feel as if we were all being swept into a ghastly whirlpool which roars over the bottomless pit. Of course, I will stay if I can do anything, no matter what. Otherwise, address for a week to Basil Morton's."

This he dropped into the nearest pillar-box, and, as the sun was endeavoring to shine, he walked the length of the street, a pretense of exercise. On his way back he was preceded by a telegraph boy, who stopped at Buncombe's front door, and awoke the echoes with a twofold double knock. Before the servant could open, Harvey was on the steps.

"What name?"

"Rolfe."

"For me, then."

He tore open the envelope.

"Could you come at once? Something has happened.—Abbott."

The boy wished to know if there would be a reply. Harvey shook his head, and stepped into the hall, where he stood reflecting. What could have happened that Edgar Abbott should summon him? Had his wife run away?—Ah, to be sure, it must have something to do with Wager's children—an accident, a death. But why send for him? He made a little change in his dress, and drove forthwith to Kilburn. As his cab stopped, he saw that all the blinds in the front of the Abbotts' house were drawn down. Death, then, obviously. It was with a painful shaking of the nerves that he knocked for admission.

"Mr. Abbott?"

The servant-girl, who had a long-drawn face, said nothing, but left him where he stood, returning in a moment with a mumbled "Will you please to come in, sir?" He followed her to the room in which he had talked with Mrs. Abbott two days ago; and she it was who again received him. Her back to the light, she stood motionless.

"Your husband has telegraphed for me—"

A voice that struggled with a sob made thick reply—"No—I—he is dead!"

The accent of that last monosyllable was heart-piercing. It seemed to Harvey as though the word were new-minted, so full it sounded of dreadful meaning.

"Dead?"

Mrs. Abbott moved, and he could see her face better. She must have wept for hours.

"He has been taking morphia—he couldn't sleep well—and then his neuralgia. The girl found him this morning, at seven o'clock—there."

She pointed to the couch.

"You mean that he had taken an overdose—by accident—"

"It must have been so. He had to work late—and then he must have lain down to sleep."

"Why here?"

A flood of anguish welshed her. She uttered a long moan, all the more terrible for its subdual to a sound that could not pass beyond the room. Her struggle for self-command made her suffering only the more impressive, the more grievous to behold.

"Mr. Rolfe, I sent for you because you are his old friend. I meant to tell you all the truth, as I know it. I can't tell it before strangers—in public! I can't let them know—the shame—the shame!"

Harvey's sympathy gave way to astonishment and strange surmise. Hurriedly he besought her not to reveal anything in her present distress; to wait till she could reflect calmly, see things in truer proportion. His embarrassment was heightened by an inability to identify this woman with the Mrs. Abbott he had known; the change in her self-presentation seemed as great and sudden as that in her circumstances. Face and voice, though scarce recognizable, had changed less than the soul of her—as Harvey imagined it. This entreasy she replied to with a steadiness, a resolve, which left him no choice but to listen.

"I can not, dare not think that he did this knowingly. No! He was too brave for that. He would never have left me in that way—to my despair. But it was my fault that made him angry—no, not angry; he was never that with me, or never showed it. But I had behaved with such utter selfishness—"

Her misery refused to word itself. She sank down upon a chair and sobbed and moaned.

"Your grief exaggerates every little fault," said Harvey.

"No—you must hear it all—then perhaps I can hide my shame from strangers. What use would it be if they knew? It alters nothing—it's only in my own heart. I have no right to pain you like this. I will tell you quietly. You know that he went to Waterbury, on business. Did he tell you?—it was to buy a share in a local newspaper. I, in my blindness and selfishness, disliked that. I wanted to live here; the thought of going to live in the country seemed unbearable. That Edgar was overworked and ill, seemed to me a trifle. Don't you remember how I spoke of it when you came here the other morning?—I can't understand myself. How could I think so, speak so!"

The listener said nothing.

"He did what he purposed—made a bargain, and came back to conclude the purchase by correspondence. But his money—the small capital he counted upon—was in 'Britannia' shares; and you know what happened yesterday—yesterday, the very day when he went to sell the shares, thinking to do so without the least difficulty."

Harvey gave a grim nod.

"He came home, and I showed that I was glad—"

"No! You accuse yourself unreasonably."

"I tell you the truth, as my miserable conscience knows it. I was crazy with selfishness and conceit. Rightly, he left me to my cowardly temper, and went out again, and was away for a long time. He came back to dinner, and then the suffering in his face all but taught me what I was doing. I wanted to ask him to forgive me—to comfort him for his loss; but pride kept me from it. I couldn't speak—I couldn't! After dinner he said he had a lot of work to do, and came into this room. At ten o'clock I sent him coffee. I wished to take it myself—O God! if only I had done so! I wished to take it, and to speak to him, but still I couldn't. And I knew he was in torture; I saw at dinner that pain was racking him. But I kept away, and went to my own bed, and slept—while he was lying here."

A rush of tears relieved her. Harvey felt his own eyes grow moist.

"It was only that he felt so worn out," she pursued. "I know how it was. The pain grew intolerable, and he went upstairs for his draught, and then—not having finished his work—he thought he would lie down on the sofa for a little; and so sleep overcame him. He never meant this. If I thought it, I couldn't live!"

"Undoubtedly you are right," said Harvey, summing an accent of conviction. "I knew him very well, and he was not the man to do that."

"No? You are sure of it? You feel it impossible, Mr. Rolfe?"

"Quite impossible. There are men—oh, you may assure yourself that it was pure accident. Unfortunately, it happens so often."

She hung on his words, leaning toward him, her eyes wide and lips parted.

"So often! I have seen so many cases, in the papers. And he was absent-minded. But what right have I to seek comfort for myself? Was I any less the cause of his death? But must I tell all this in public? Do you think I ought to?"

With comfortable sincerity Rolfe was able to maintain the needlessness of divulging anything beyond the state of Abbott's health and his pecuniary troubles.

"It isn't as if we had lived on ill terms with each other," said the widow, with a sigh of gratitude. "Anything but that. Until of late we never knew a difference, and the change that came was wholly my fault. I hadn't the honesty to speak out and say what was in my mind. I never openly opposed his wish to leave London. I pretended to agree to everything—pretended. He showed me all his reasons, put everything simply and plainly and kindly before me, and if I had said what I thought, I feel sure he would have given it up at once. It was in my own hands to decide one way or the other."

"Why should you reproach yourself so with mere thoughts, of which he never became aware?"

"Oh, he was yesterday, when he came back from the City. He knew then that I was glad he couldn't carry out his purpose. He looked at me as he never had done before—a look of surprise and estrangement. I shall always see that look on his face."

Harvey talked in the strain of solace, feeling how extraordinary was his position, and that of all men he had least fitness for such an office. It relieved him when, without undue abruptness, he could pass to the

practical urgencies of the case. Were Wager's children still in the house? Alas! they were, and Mrs. Abbott knew not what to do about them.

"You can't think of any one who would take them—for a day or two, even?"

Among her acquaintances there was not one of whom she could venture to ask such a service. "People have such a dread of children." Her sister was a governess in Ireland; other near relatives she had none, Edgar Abbott's mother, old and in feeble health, lived near Waterbury; how was the dreadful news to be conveyed to her?

Harvey bestirred himself. Here, at all events, was a call to active usefulness; he felt the privilege of money and leisure.

"Can you give me the name of any one at Waterbury who would be a fit person to break the news to Mrs. Abbott?"

Two names were mentioned, and he noted them.

"I will send telegrams at once to both."

"You will say it was an accident—"

"That shall be made clear. As for the children, I think I can have them taken away this morning. In the house where I live there is a decent woman who I daresay would be willing to look after them for the present. Will you leave this entirely in my hands?"

"I am ashamed—I don't know how to thank you."

"No time shall be lost," he rose. "If Mrs. Handover will help us, I will bring her here; then I shall see you again. In any case, of course, I will come back—there will be other business. But you ought to have some friend—some lady."

"There's no one I can ask."

"Oh, but of all the people you know in London—surely!"

"They are not friends in that sense. I understand it now—fifty acquaintances; no friend."

"But let me think—let me think. What was the name of that lady I met here, whose children you used to teach?"

"Mrs. Langland. She is very kind and friendly, but she lives at Gunnersbury—so far—and I couldn't trouble her."

Upon one meeting and a short conversation, with subsequent remarks from Edgar Abbott, Rolfe had grounded a very favorable opinion of Mrs. Langland. She dwelt clearly in his mind as "a woman with no nonsense about her," likely to be of much helpfulness at a crisis such as the present. With difficulty he persuaded Mrs. Abbott to sit down and write a few lines, to be posted at once to Gunnersbury.

"I haven't dared to ask her to come. But I have said that I am alone."

"Quite enough, I think, if she is at home."

He took his leave, and drove back to Bayswater, posting the letter and dispatching two telegrams on the way.

Of course, his visit to Greystone was given up.

## CHAPTER VI.

HUGH CARNABY was gratified by the verdict of *felo de se*. He applauded the jury for their most unexpected honesty. One had taken for granted the foolish tag about temporary madness, which would have been an insult to everybody's common sense.

"It's a pity they no longer bury at four crossroads, with a stake in his inside. (Where's that from? I remember it somehow.) The example wouldn't be bad."

"You're rather early-Victorian," replied Sibyl, who by this term was wont to signify barbarism or crudity in art, letters, morality, or social feeling. "Besides, there's no merit in the verdict. It only means that the City jury is in a rage. Yet every one of them would be dishonest on as great a scale if they dared, or had the chance."

"Something in that, I daresay," conceded Hugh.

He admired his wife more than ever. Calm when she lost her trinkets, Sibyl exhibited no less self-command now that she was suddenly deprived of her whole fortune, about eight hundred a year. She had once remarked on the pleasantness and fitness of a wife's possessing in her own name an income equal to that of her husband; yet she resigned it without fuss. Indeed, Sibyl never made a fuss about anything. She intimated her wishes, and, as they were always possible of gratification, obtained them as a matter of course. Naturally, since their marriage, she and Hugh had lived to the full extent of their means. Carnaby had reduced his capital by a couple of thousand pounds in preliminary expenses, and debt to the amount of two or three hundred was outstanding at the end of the first twelve-month; but Sibyl manifested no alarm.

"We have been great fools," she said, alluding to their faith in Bennet Frothingham.

"It's certain that I have," replied her husband. "I oughtn't to have let your mother have her way about that money. If there had been a proper settlement, you would have run no risk. Trustees couldn't have allowed such an investment."

The same day Sibyl bought a fur for her neck which cost fifteen guineas. The weather was turning cold, and she had an account at the shop.

That afternoon, too, she went to see her mother, and on returning at six o'clock looked into the library, where Hugh sat by the fire, a book in his hand. Carnaby found the days very long just now. He shunned his clubs, the Metropolitan and the Ramblers, because of a fear that his connection with the "Britannia" was generally known; to hear talk on the subject would make him savage. He was grievously perturbed in mind by his position and prospects; and want of exercise had begun to affect his health. As always, he greeted his wife's entrance with a smile, and rose to place a chair for her.

"Thanks, I won't sit down," said Sibyl. "You look comfortable."

"Well?"

She looked at him reflectively, and said in balanced tones—"I really think I can boast of having the most selfish mother in England."

Hugh had his own opinion concerning Mrs. Ascott Larkfield, but would not have ventured to phrase it.

"How's that?"

"I never knew any one who succeeded so well in thinking steadily and exclusively of herself. It irritates me to see her since this affair; I shan't go again."



I really didn't know what a detestable temper she has. Her talk is outrageous. She doesn't behave like a lady. Could you believe that she has written a violent letter to Mrs. Frothingham—speaking her mind, as she says? It's disgraceful!"

"I'm sorry she has done that. But it isn't every one that can bear injury as you do, Sibyl."

"I supposed she could behave herself. She raises her voice, and uses outrageous words, and shows temper with the servants. I wouldn't spend a day in that house now on any account. And, after all, I find she hasn't lost much more than I have. She will be able to count on six hundred a year at least."

Carnaby received the news with a brightened visage. "Oh come! That's something."

"She took very good care, you see, not to risk everything herself."

"It's possible," said Hugh, "that she hadn't control of all her money."

"Oh, yes, she had. She let that fact escape in her fury—congratulated herself on being so far prudent. Really, I never knew a more hateful woman."

It was said without vehemence, with none of that raising of the voice which so offended her: a deliberate judgment, in carefully chosen words. Hugh tried to smile, but could not quite command his features; they expressed an uneasy thoughtfulness.

"Do you go out this evening?" he asked, after a pause.

"No; I'm rather tired and out of sorts. Dinner is at seven. I shall go to bed early."

The police had as yet failed to get upon the track of the felonious housekeeper, known as Mrs. Maskell. Mrs. Carnaby's other servants still kept their places, protesting innocence, and doubtless afraid to leave lest they should incur suspicion. Domestic management was now in the hands of the cook. Sibyl always declared that she could not eat a dinner she had had the trouble of ordering, and she seemed unaffectedly to shrink from persons of the menial class, as though with physical repulsion. Perforce she submitted to having her hair done by her maid, but she found the necessity disagreeable.

The dinner was simple, but well cooked. Sibyl never ate with hearty appetite, and declined everything not of excellent quality; unlike women in general, she was fastidious about wine, yet took of it sparingly; liqueurs, too, she enjoyed, and very strong coffee. To a cigarette in the mouth of a woman she utterly objected; it offended her sense of the becoming, her delicate perception of propriety. When dining alone or with Hugh, she dressed as carefully as for a ceremonious occasion. Any approach to personal disorder or neglect was inconceivable in Sibyl. Her husband had, by accident, heard her called "the best-groomed woman in London"; he thought the praise well merited, and it flattered him.

At table they talked of things as remote as possible from their immediate concerns, and with the usual good-humor. When he rose to open the door, Hugh said:—"Drawing-room or library?"

"Library. You would like to smoke."

For ten minutes he sat with his arms on the table, his great well-shapen hands loosely clinched before him. He drank nothing. His gaze was fixed on a dish of fruit, and widened as if in a growing perplexity. Then he recovered himself, gave a snort, and went to join his wife.

Sibyl was reading a newspaper. Hugh lighted his pipe in silence, and sat down opposite to her. Presently the newspaper dropped, and Sibyl's eyes were turned upon her husband with a smile.

"Well?"

"Well?"

They smiled at each other amiably.

"What do you suggest, Birdie?"

The fondling name was not very appropriate, and had not been used of late; Carnaby hit upon it in the honeymoon days, when he said that his wife was like some little lovely bird, which he, great coarse fellow, had captured and almost feared to touch lest he should hurt it. Hugh had not much originality of thought, and less of expression.

"There are places, you know, where one lives very comfortably on very little," said Sibyl.

"Yes; but it leads to nothing."

"What would lead to anything?"

"Well, you see, I have capital, and some use ought to be made of it. Everybody nowadays goes in for some kind of business."

She listened with interest, smiling, meditative.

"And a great many people come out of it—wishing they had done so before."

"True," said Carnaby; "there's the difficulty. I had a letter from Dando this morning. He has got somebody to believe in his new smelting process—somebody in the City; talks of going out to Queensland shortly. Really—if I could be on the spot—"

He hesitated, timidly indicating his thoughts. Sibyl mused, and slowly shook her head.

"No; wait for reports."

"Yes; but it's those who are in it first, you see."

Sibyl seemed to forget the immediate subject, and to let her thoughts wander in pleasant directions. She spoke as if on a happy impulse.

"There's one place I think I should like—though I dread the voyage."

"Where's that?"

"Honolulu."

"What has put that into your head?"

"Oh, I have read about it. The climate is absolute perfection, and the life exquisite. How do you get there?"

"Across America, and then from San Francisco. It's anything but a cheap place, I believe."

"Still for a time. The thing is to get away, don't you think?"

"No doubt of that.—Honolulu—by Jove! it's an idea. I should like to see those islands myself."

"And it isn't common place," remarked Sibyl. "One would go off with a certain *éclat*. Very different from starting for the Continent in the humdrum way."

The more Carnaby thought of it, the better he liked this suggestion. That Sibyl should voluntarily propose so long a journey surprised and delighted him. The tropics were not his favorite region, and those islands

of the Pacific offered no scope for profitable energy; he did not want to climb volcanoes, still less to lounge beneath bananas and bread-fruit trees, however pleasant such an escape from civilization might seem at the first glance. A year of marriage, of idleness amid amusements, luxuries, extravagances, for which he had no taste, was bearing its natural result in masculine restiveness. His robust physique and temper, essentially combative, demanded liberty under conditions of rude or violent life. He was not likely to find a satisfying range in any mode of existence that would be shared by Sibyl. But he clutched at any chance of extensive travel. It might be necessary—it certainly would be—to make further incision into his capital, and so diminish the annual return upon which he could count for the future; but when his income had already become ludicrously inadequate, what did that matter? The years of independence were past; somehow or other, he must make money. Everybody did it nowadays, and an "opening" would of course present itself, something would of course "turn up."

He stretched his limbs in a sudden vast relief.

"Bravo! The idea is excellent. Shall we sell all this stuff?" waving a hand to indicate the furniture.

"Oh, I think not. Warehouse it."

Hugh would have rejoiced to turn every chair and table into hard cash, not only for the money's sake, but for the sense of freedom that would follow; but he agreed, as always, to whatever his wife preferred. They talked with unwonted animation. A great atlas was opened, routes were fingered; half the earth's circumference vanished in a twinkling. Sibyl, hitherto mewed within the circle of European gayeties and relaxations, all at once let her fancy fly—tasted a new luxury in experiences from which she had shrunk.

"I'll order my outfit to-morrow. Very light things, I suppose? Who could advise me about that?"

Among a number of notes and letters which she wrote next day was one to Miss Frothingham. "Dear Alma," it began, and it ended with "Yours affectionately"—just as usual.

"Could you possibly come here some day this week?"

I haven't written before, and haven't tried to see you, because I felt sure you would rather be left alone. At the same time I feel sure that what has happened, though for a time it will sadden us both, cannot affect our friendship. I want to see you, as we are going away very soon, first of all to Honolulu. Appoint your own time; I will be here."

By return of post came the black-edged answer, which began with "Dearest Sibyl," and closed with "Ever affectionately."

"I cannot tell you how relieved I am to get your kind letter. These dreadful days have made me ill, and one thing that increased my misery was the fear that I should never hear from you again. I should not have dared to write. How noble you are!—but then I always knew that. I cannot come to-morrow—you know why—but the next day I will be with you at three o'clock, if you don't tell me that the hour is inconvenient."

They met at the appointed time. Mrs. Carnaby's fine sense of the becoming declared itself in dark array; her voice was tenderly subdued; the pressure of her hand, the softly lingering touch of her lips, conveyed a sympathy which perfect taste would not allow to become demonstrative. Alma could at first say nothing. The faint rose upon her cheek had vanished; her eyes were heavy, and lacked their vital gleam; her mouth, no longer mobile and provocative, trembled on the verge of sobs, pathetic, childlike. She hung her head, moved with a languid, diffident step, looked smaller and slighter, a fashionable garb of woe aiding the unhappy transformation.

"I oughtn't to have given you this trouble," said Sibyl. "But perhaps you would rather see me here—"

"Yes—oh yes—it was much better—"

"Sit down, dear. We won't talk of wretched things, will we? If I could have been of any use to you—"

"I was so afraid you would never—"

"Oh, you know me better than that," broke in Mrs. Carnaby, almost with cheerfulness, her countenance already throwing off the decorous shadow, like a cloak that had served its turn. "I hope I am neither foolish nor worldly-minded."

"Indeed, indeed not! You are goodness itself."

"How is Mrs. Frothingham?"

The question was asked with infinite delicacy, head and body bent forward, eyes floatingly averted.

"Really ill, I'm afraid. She has fainted several times—yesterday was unconscious for nearly half an hour."

Sibyl flinched. Mention of physical suffering affected her most disagreeably; she always shunned the proximity of people in ill-health, and a possibility of infection struck her with panic.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. But it will pass over."

"I hope so. I have done what I could."

"I'm sure you have."

"But it's so hard—when every word of comfort sounds heartless—when it's kindest to say nothing—"

"We won't talk about it, dear. You yourself—I can see what you have gone through. You must get away as soon as possible; this gloomy weather makes everything worse."

She paused, and with an air of discreet interest awaited Alma's reply.

"Yes, I hope to get away. I shall see if it's possible."

The girl's look strayed with a tired uncertainty; her hands never ceased to move and fidget; only the habits of good-breeding kept her body still.

"Of course, it is too soon for you to have made plans."

"It's so difficult," replied Alma, her features more naturally expressive, her eyes a little brighter. "You see, I am utterly dependent upon mamma. I had better tell you at once—mamma will have enough to live upon, however things turn out. She has money of her own; but of course I have nothing—nothing whatever. I think, most likely, mamma will go to live with her sister, in the country, for a time. She couldn't bear to go on living in London, and she doesn't like life abroad. If only I could do as I wish!"

"I guess what that would be," said the other, smiling gently.

"To take up music as a profession—yes. But I'm not ready for it."

"Oh, half a year of serious study; with your decided talent, I should think you couldn't hesitate. You are a born musician."

The words acted as a cordial. Alma roused herself, lifted her drooping head and smiled.

"That's the praise of a friend."

"And the serious opinion of one not quite unfit to judge," rejoined Sibyl, with her air of tranquil self-assertion. "Besides, we have agreed—haven't we?—that the impulse is everything. What you wish for, try for. Just now you have lost courage; you are not yourself. Wait till you recover your balance."

"It isn't that I want to make a name, or anything of that sort," said Alma, in a voice that was recovering its ordinary pitch and melody. "I daresay I never should; I might just support myself, and that would be all. But I want to be free—I want to break away."

"Of course!"

"I have been thinking that I shall beg mamma to let me have just a small allowance, and go off by myself. I know people at Leipzig—the Gassners you remember. I could live there on little enough, and work, and feel free. Of course, there's really no reason why I shouldn't. I have been feeling so bound and helpless; and now that nobody has any right to hinder me, you think it would be the wise thing?"

Alma had occasionally complained to her friend, as she did the other evening to Harvey Rolfe, that easy circumstances were not favorable to artistic ambition, but no very serious disquiet had ever declared itself in her ordinary talk. The phrases she now used, and the look that accompanied them, caused Sibyl some amusement. Only two years older than Alma, Mrs. Carnaby enjoyed a more than proportionate superiority in knowledge of the world; her education had been more steadily directed to that end, and her natural aptitude for the study was more pronounced. That she really liked Alma seemed as certain as that she felt neither affection nor esteem for any other person of her own sex. Herself not much inclined to feminine friendship, Alma had from the first paid voluntary homage to Sibyl's intellectual claims, and thought it a privilege to be admitted to her intimacy; being persuaded, moreover, that in Sibyl, and in Sibyl alone, she found genuine appreciation of her musical talent. Sibyl's choice of a husband had secretly surprised and disappointed her, for Hugh Carnaby was not the type of man in whom she felt an interest, and he seemed to her totally unworthy of his good fortune; but this perplexity passed and was forgotten. She saw that Sibyl underwent no subjugation; nay, that the married woman did but perfect herself in those qualities of mind and mood whereby she had shone as a maiden. It was a combination of powers and virtues which appeared to Alma little short of the ideal in womanhood. The example influenced her developing character in ways she recognized, and in others of which she remained quite unconscious.

"I think you couldn't do better," Mrs. Carnaby replied to the last question; "provided that—"

She paused intentionally, with an air of soft solicitude, of bland wisdom.

"That's just what I wanted," said Alma eagerly. "Advise me—tell me just what you think."

"You want to live alone, and to have done with all the silly conventionalities and proprieties—our old friend Mrs. Grundy, in fact."

"That's it! You understand me perfectly, as you always do."

"If it had been possible, we would have lived together."

"Ah! how delightful! Don't speak of what can't be."

"I was going to say," pursued Sibyl thoughtfully, "that you will meet with all sorts of little troubles and worries, which you have never had any experience of. For one thing, you know"—she leaned back, smiling, at ease—"people won't behave to you quite as you have been accustomed to expect. Money is very important even to a man; but to a woman it means more than you can imagine."

"Oh, but I shan't be living among the kind of people—"

"No, no. Perhaps you don't quite understand me yet. It isn't the people you seek who matter, but the people that will seek you; and some of them will have very strange ideas—very strange indeed."

Alma looked self-conscious, kept her eyes down, and at length nodded.

"Yes, I think I understand."

"That's why I said 'provided.' You are not the ordinary girl, and you won't imagine that I feared for you; I know you too well. It's a question of being informed and on one's guard. I don't think there's any one else who would talk to you like this. It doesn't offend you?"

"Sibyl!"

"Well, then, that's all right. Go into the world by all means, but go prepared—armed; the word isn't a bit too strong, as I know perfectly. Some day, perhaps—but there's no need to talk about such things now."

Alma kept a short silence, breaking it at length with a note of exultation.

"I'm quite decided now. I wanted just to hear what you would say. I shan't wait a day longer than I can help. The old life is over for me. If only it had come about in some other way, I should be singing with rapture. I'm going to begin to live!"

She quivered with intensity of feeling, or with that excitement of the nerves which simulates intense feeling in certain natures. A flush stole to her cheek; her eyes were once more full of light. Sibyl regarded her observantly and with admiration.

"You never thought of the stage, Alma?"

"The stage? Acting?"

"No; I see you never did. And it wouldn't do—of course it wouldn't do. Something in your look—it just crossed my mind—but of course you have much greater things before you. It means hard work, and I'm only afraid you'll work yourself all but to death."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the girl, with a little laugh of pride in this possibility.

"Well, I too am going away, you know."



Alma's countenance fell; shame again crept over it, and she murmured, "Oh, Sibyl!"

"Don't distress yourself the least on my account. That's an understood thing; no mention, no allusion, ever between us. And the truth is that my position is just a little like yours: on the whole, I'm rather glad. Hugh wants desperately to get to the other end of the world, and I daresay it's the best thing I could do to go with him. No roughing it, of course; that isn't in my way."

"I should think not, indeed!"

"Oh, I may rise to those heights, who knows! If the new sensation ever seemed worth the trouble.—In a year or two, we shall meet and compare notes. Don't expect long descriptive letters; I don't care to do indifferently what other people have done well and put into print—it's a waste of energy. But you are sure to have far more interesting and original things to tell about; it will read so piquantly, I'm sure, at Honolulu."

They drank tea together, and talked, in all, for a couple of hours. When she rose to leave, Alma, but for her somber drapings, was totally changed from the limp, weebegone, shrinking girl who had at first presented herself.

"There's no one else," she said, "who would have behaved to me so kindly and so nobly."

"Nonsense! But *that's* nonsense, too. Let us admire each other; it does us good, and is so very pleasant."

"I shall say good-by to no one but you. Let people think and say of me what they like; I don't care a snap of the fingers. Indeed, I *hate* people."

"Both sexes impartially?"

It was a peculiarity of their intimate converse that they never talked of men, and a jest of this kind had novelty sufficient to affect Alma with a slight confusion.

"Impartially—quite," she answered.

"Do make an exception in favor of Hugh's friend, Mr. Rolfe. I abandon all the rest."

Alma betrayed surprise.

"Strange! I really thought you didn't much like Mr. Rolfe," she said, without any show of embarrassment.

"I didn't when I first knew him; but he grows upon one. I think him interesting; he isn't quite easy to understand."

"Indeed he isn't."

They smiled with the confidence of women fancy-free, and said no more on the subject.

Carnaby came home to dinner brisk and cheerful; he felt better than for many a day. Brightly responsive, Sibyl welcomed his appearance in the drawing-room.

"Saw old Rolfe for a minute at the club. In a vile temper. I wonder whether he really has lost money, and won't confess? Yet I don't think so. Queer old stick."

"By the bye, what is his age?" asked Sibyl unconcernedly.

"Thirty-seven or eight. But I always think of him as fifty."

"I suppose he'll never marry?"

"Rolfe? Good heavens, no! Too much sense—hang it, you know what I mean! It would never suit him. Can't imagine such a thing. He gets more and more booky. Has his open-air moods, too, and amuses me with his Jingoism. So different from his old ways of talking; but I didn't care much about him in those days. Well, now, look here, I've had a talk with a man I know, about Honolulu, and I've got all sorts of things to tell you.—Dinner? Very glad; I'm precious hungry."

## CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT the middle of December, Alma Frothingham left England, burning with a fever of impatience, resenting all inquiry and counsel, making pretense of settled plans, really indifferent to everything but the prospect of emancipation. The disaster that had befallen her life, the dishonor darkening upon her name, seemed for the moment merely a price paid for liberty. The shock of sorrow and dismay had broken innumerable bonds, overthrowing all manner of obstacles to growth of character, of power. She gloried in a new, intoxicating sense of irresponsibility. She saw the ideal life in a release from all duty and obligation—save to herself.

Travelers on that winter day from Antwerp into Germany noticed the English girl, well dressed, and of attractive features, whose excited countenance and restless manner told of a journey in haste, with something most important, and assuredly not disagreeable, at the end of it. She was alone, and evidently quite able to take care of herself. Unlike the representative English *Fraulein*, she did not reject friendly overtures from strangers; her German was lame, but she spoke it with enjoyment, laughing at her stumbles and mistakes. With her in the railway carriage she kept a violin-case. A professional musician? "*Noch nicht*," was her answer, with a laugh. She knew Leipzig? Oh dear, yes, and many other parts of Germany; had traveled a good deal; was an entirely free and independent person, quite without national prejudice, indeed without prejudice of any kind. And in the same breath she spoke slightly of, if not contemptuously, of England and everything English.

At Leipzig she stayed until the end of April, living with a family named Gassner, people whom she had known for some years. Only on condition that she would take up her abode with this household had Mrs. Frothingham consented to make her an allowance and let her go abroad. Alma fretted at the restriction; she wished to have a room of her own in a lodging-house; but the family life improved her command of German—something gained. To music, meanwhile, she gave very little attention, putting off with one excuse after another the beginning of her serious studies. She seemed to have quite forgotten that music was her "religion," and, for the matter of that, appeared to have no religion at all. "Life" was her interest, her study. She made acquaintances, attended concerts and the theatre, read multitudes of French and German novels. But her habits were economical. All the pleasures she desired could be enjoyed at very small ex-

pense, and she found her stepmother's remittances more than sufficient.

In April she gained Mrs. Frothingham's consent to her removal from Leipzig to Munich. A German girl with whom she had made friends was going to Munich to study art. For reasons, vague even to herself (so ran her letters to Mrs. Frothingham), she could not "settle" at Leipzig. The climate did not seem to suit her. She had suffered from bad colds, and, in short, was doing no good. At Munich lived an admirable violinist, a friend of Herr Wilenski's, who would be of great use to her. "In short, dear mamma, doesn't it seem to you rather humiliating that at the age of four-and-twenty I should be begging for permission to go here and there, do this or that? I know all your anxieties about me, and I am very grateful, and I feel ashamed to be living at your expense, but really I must go about making a career for myself in my own way." Mrs. Frothingham yielded, and Alma took lodgings in Munich together with her German friend.

English newspapers were now reporting the trial of the directors of the Britannia Company, for to this pass had things come. The revelations of the law-court satisfied public curiosity, and excited indignant clamor. Alma read, and tried to view the proceedings as one for whom they had no personal concern; but her sky darkened, her heart grew heavy. The name of Bennet Frothingham stood for criminal recklessness, for huge rascality; it would be so for years to come. She had no courage to take up her violin; the sound of music grew hateful to her, as if mocking at her ruined ambition.

Three months had passed since she received her one and only letter from Honolulu; two months since she had written to Sibyl. On a blue day of spring, when despondency lowered upon her, and all occupation, all amusements seemed a burden, she was driven to address her friend on the other side of the world, to send a cry of pain and hopelessness to the dream-island of the Pacific.

"What is the use of working at music? The simple truth is, that since I left England I have given it up. I am living here on false pretences; I shall never care to play the violin again. What sort of a reception could I expect from an English audience? If I took another name, of course it would get known who I was, and people would just come to stare at me—pleasant thought! And I have utterly lost confidence in myself. The difficulties are great, even where there is great talent, and I feel I have nothing of the kind. I might toil for years, and should do no good. I feel I am not an artist—I am beaten and disgraced. There's nothing left but to cry and be miserable, like any other girl who has lost her money, her hopes, everything. Why don't you write to me? If you wait till you get this, it will be six or seven weeks before I could possibly hear. And a letter from you would do me so much good."

Some one knocked at her door. She called "*Herein!*" and there appeared a little boy, the child of her landlady, who sometimes ran errands for her. He said that a gentleman was asking to see her.

"Ein Deutscher?"

"Nein. Ein Engländer, glaub' ich, und ein schnurriges Deutsch ist's, das er verbricht!"

Alma started up, shut her unfinished letter in the blotting-case, and looked anxiously about the room.

"What is his name? Ask him to give you his name." The youngster came back with a card, and Alma was astonished to read the name of "Mr. Felix Dymes." Why, she had all but forgotten the man's existence. How came he here? What right had he to call? And yet she was glad—nay, delighted. Happily, she had the sitting-room (shared with her art-studying friend) to herself this morning.

"Bring him up here," she said to the boy hurriedly, "and ask him to wait a minute for me."

And she escaped to make a rapid change of dress. For Alma was not like Sibyl Carnaby in perpetual regard for personal finish; she dressed carelessly, save when the occasion demanded pains; she liked the ease of gowns and slippers, of loose hair and free throat; and this taste had grown upon her during the past months. But she did not keep Mr. Dymes waiting very long, and on her entrance he gazed at her with very frank admiration. Frank, too, was his greeting—that of a very old and intimate friend, rather than of a drawing-room acquaintance. He came straight from England, he said; a spring holiday, warranted by the success of his song "*Margot*," which the tenor, Topham, had sung at St. James's Hall. A few days ago he had happened to see Miss Leach, who gave him Miss Frothingham's address, and he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling. Chatting thus, he made himself comfortable in a chair, and Alma sat over against him. The man was loud, conceited, vulgar; but, after all, he composed very sweet music, which promised to take the public ear; and he brought with him a waft from the happiness of old days; and how could one expect small proprieties of a bohemian, an artist? Alma began to talk eagerly, joyously.

"And what are you doing, Miss Frothingham?"

"Oh, fiddling a little. But I haven't been very well."

"I can see that. Yet in another sense you look better than ever."

He began to hum an air, glancing round the room. "You haven't a piano. Just listen to this; how do you think it will do?" He hummed through a complete melody. "Come into my head last night. Wants rather sentimental words—the kind of thing that goes down with the British public. Rather a good air, don't you think?"

Felix Dymes had two manners of conversation. In a company at all ceremonious, and when it behooved him to make an impression, he talked as the artist and the expert in music, with many German phrases, which he pronounced badly, to fill up the gaps in his knowledge. His familiar stream of talk was very different; it discarded affectation, and had a directness, a vigor, which never left one in doubt as to his actual views of life. How melody of any kind could issue from a nature so manifestly ignoble might puzzle the idealist. Alma, who had known a good many musical people, was not troubled by this difficulty; in her present mood, she submitted to the arrogance of success, and felt a pleasure, and encouragement, in Dymes's bluff camaraderie.

"Let me try to catch it on the violin," she said

when, with nodding head and waving arm, he had hummed again through his composition.

She succeeded in doing so, and Dymes raised his humming to a sentimental roar, and was vastly pleased with himself.

"I like to see you in a place like this," he said. "Looks more business-like—as if you really meant to do something. Do you live here alone?"

"With a friend."

Something peculiar in Dymes's glance caused her to add, "A German girl, an art-student." Whereat the musician nodded and smiled.

"And what's your idea? Come now, let's talk about it. I wonder whether I could be of any use to you—awfully glad if I could."

Alma was abashed, stammered her vague projects, and reddened under the man's observant eye.

"Look here," he cried, with his charming informality, "didn't you use to sing? Somebody told me you had a pretty good voice."

"Oh, that was long ago."

"I wish you'd let me hear you."

"No, no! I don't sing at all."

"Pity, if it's true. I want to write a serio-comic opera, a new sort of thing, and it struck me you were just cut out for that kind of singing. You have the face and the—you know—the refinement; sort of thing not easy to find. It's a poor chance, I'm afraid, coming out as a violinist."

Half inclined to resent his impertinence, yet subdued by the practical tone and air of superior knowledge, Alma kept a grave face. Dymes, crossing his legs, went on with talk of projects he had in view, all intended to be lucrative. He had capital; nothing great, just a comfortable sum which he was bent on using to the best advantage. His songs would presently be bringing him in a few hundreds a year—so he declared—and his idea of life was to get as much enjoyment as possible without working overhard for it. The conversation lasted for a couple of hours, Dymes growing even more genial and confidential, his eyes seldom moving from Alma's face.

"Well," he said at length, rising, "it's very jolly to see you again, after all this time. I shall be staying here for a few days. You'll let me call to-morrow?"

At once glad and sorry to see him go, Alma laughingly gave the desired permission. When, that evening, she looked at her unfinished letter, it seemed such a miserable whine that she tore it up in annoyance. Dymes's visit had done her good; she felt, if not a renewal of hope, at all events the courage which comes of revived spirits.

The next day she awaited his arrival with a pleased expectation. He entered humming an air—another new composition—which again she caught from him and played on the violin.

"Good, don't you think? I'm in great vein just now—always am in the spring, and when the weather's fine. I say, you're looking much better to-day—decidedly more fit. What do you do here for exercise? Do you go to the Englische Garten? Come now, will you? Let's have a drive."

With sudden coldness Alma excused herself. The musician scrutinized her rapidly, bit his lip, and looked round to the window; but in a moment he had recovered his loud good-humor.

"You'll hardly believe it, but it's the plain truth, that I came all this way just to see you. I hadn't thought of coming to Germany till I met Miss Leach and heard about you. Now I'm so far, I might as well go on into Italy, and make a round of it. I wish you were coming, too."

Alma made no reply. He scrutinized her as before, and his features worked as if with some emotion. Then, abruptly, he put a blunt question.

"Do you think people who go in for music, art, and that kind of thing, ought to marry?"

"I never thought about it at all," Alma replied, with a careless laugh, striking a finger across the strings of the violin which she held on her lap.

"We're generally told they shouldn't," pursued Dymes, in a voice which had lost its noisy confidence, and was a little uncertain. "But it all depends, you know. If people mean by marriage the ordinary kind of thing—of course, that's the deuce. But it needn't be. Lots of people marry nowadays and live in a rational way—no house, or bother of that kind; just going about as they like, and having a pleasant, reasonable life. It's easy enough with a little money. Sometimes they're a good deal of help to each other; I know people who manage to be."

"Oh, I daresay," said Alma when he paused. "It all depends, as you say. You're going on to Italy at once?"

Her half-veiled eyes seemed to conceal amusement, and there was good-humored disdain in the setting of her lips. With audacity so incredible that it all but made her laugh, Dymes, not heeding her inquiry, jerked out the personal application of his abstract remarks. Yes, it was a proposal of marriage—marriage on the new plan, without cares or encumbrance; a suggestion rather than a petition; off-hand, unsentimental, yet perfectly serious, as look and tone proclaimed.

"There's much to be said for your views," Alma replied, with humorous gravity, "but I haven't the least intention of marrying."

"Well, I've mentioned it." He waved his hand as if to overcome an unwonted embarrassment. "You don't mind?"

"Not a bit."

"I hope we shall meet again before long, and—some day, you know—you may see the thing in another light. You mustn't think I'm joking."

"But it is rather a joke."

"No; I never was more in earnest about anything, believe me. And I'm convinced it's a good idea. However, you know one thing—if I can be of use to you, I shall. I'll think it over—your chances and so on; something may suggest itself. You're not cut out for everyday things."

"I try to hope not."

"Ah, but you can take my word for it."

With this comforting assurance, Felix Dymes departed. No melodrama; a hand-grip, a significant nod, a loud humming as he went downstairs.

(To be continued.)